Aberbrothock Illustrated

ARMS OF THE BURGH OF ARBROATH.

The above are the ensigns armorial of the burgh of Arbroath as now recorded in the public register of armorial bearings, with the supporters granted by the Lord Lyon King-of-Arms, which now appear in the burgh's armorial bearings for the first time. A description was given in the 'Guide' last week. It may now be added that the aureole around the Archbishop's mitre is indicative, of course, of Becket's (St Thomas) standing as a 'saint.' The attention given to ecclesiastical and historical details in designing supporters to the arms, and in connecting them with Arbroath, is worthy of high praise.

Aberbrothock Illustrated

BEING

THE ROUND O ETCHINGS

IN MINIATURE

By JOHN ADAM

EDINBURGH

With Historical and Topographical Notes

By GEORGE HAY, F.S.A. Scot.

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF ARBROATH

ARBROATH: T. BUNCLE

1886

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PREFACE.

Anciently, 'Aberbrothock' was the name of a 'shire,' which included the whole of the lands now comprised within the parishes of Arbroath and St. Vigeans, together with a part of the parish of Carmylie. The name was not restricted to the territory which was of new erected by James VI. into the royal burgh of Arbroath in 1599. In the title-page of this book the word 'Aberbrothock' is used still more comprehensively than in the ancient sense. It comprises all the parishes within the district of the Presbytery of Arbroath. Of the nine pre-Reformation parish churches in this district seven were of the number of forty-six parish churches which belonged to the Abbey of Aberbrothock—the seven being Aberbrothock (St. Vigeans), Arbirlot, Inverkeilor. Lunan, and Panbride—the property of the Abbey down to the secularisation, and Barry and Guthrie, to dates prior to the secularisation. Besides the neighbourly and business intercourse of the people of town and country, the whole district has thus had a close ecclesiastical connection with Arbroath from very old times. The idea of this kind of special unity in the district has been adopted in the present work, as it has been also in the book 'Round about the Round O with its Poets,' the town of Arbroath and the neighbouring parishes being treated as a whole.

The pictures in this volume are from the drawings which Mr. John Adam, of Edinburgh—a native of Arbroath—prepared for 'Round about the Round O.' They are about three-quarters size of the originals, as produced in that work; are faithful reproductions

by the Typographic Etching Company, London; and have been printed by Messrs Ballantyne, Hanson, & Co., Edinburgh.

For the authorities for statements of an historical character in the Notes to 'Aberbrothock Illustrated,' I refer to my 'History of Arbroath' (Arbr. 1876), 'Round about the Round O with its Poets' (Arbr. 1883, and popular edition, 1885), and Miller's 'Arbroath and its Abbey' (Edinb. 1860). The last-mentioned work was printed, and the others printed and published, by Mr. Buncle, the publisher of this volume, to whose attachment to the district in which he has long been resident their origin is in large measure to be ascribed.

G. H.

Arbroath, *August* 1885.

CONTENTS.

NOTES, ... Pp. 1–86

THE ETCHINGS:

		No.
Arbroath Abbey:	The High Altar,	1
	The Western Entrance,	2
	The 'Round O,'	3
	Looking West,	4
	The Abbot's House,	5
	From the Abbey Green,	6
	The Gateway,	7
	The 'Tower Nook,'	8
Top of High Street,		9
The Old Church,		10
High School,		11
Hill Terrace,		12
Wesleyan Chapel,		13
Hays Well,		14
Arbroath, from Hays Well.		15
By Mayfield and Cliffburn,		16
The Braeheads,		17
At the Codhead Rock,		18
The Harbour, from the Old Salt Pan,		19
Boulzie Hill,		20
Newgate House,		21
High Street Free Church,		22
Foot of High Street,		23
The Beach at Seagate,		24
The Mouth of the Brothock.		25
On the Jetty,		26
The Harbour,		27

THE ETCHINGS:

	No.
Arbroath, from Ladyloan Ropework,	28
The Shore,	29
Tuttie's Nook,	30
The Common,	31
On the Dundee Road: The Infirmary,	32
Hospitalfield,	33
Elliot Bridge,	34
To Wormyhills,	35
The Town House,	36
Brothock Bridge,	37
Brothock Bank,	38
The Mawkin Pool,	39
On Stobcross Bridge,	40
The Gateway of the Cemetery,	41
The Doorway of the Mortuary Chapel,	42
Hill End: The Water Works,	43
From Keptie to Cairniehill,	44
Arbroath, from Cairnie,	45
Cairnie Farm House,	46
The Lovers' Loan: Cairnie to St. Vigeans,	47
St. Vigeans Church,	48
To St. Vigeans: The Burnside Path,	49
Old Letham House,	50
Letham Mill,	51
Tarry Mill,	52
North Tarry,	53
St. Vigeans, from Warddykes,	54
Demondale,	55
On the Auchmithie Road: Horologe Hill,	56
The Ladle Well,	57
The Cartwright's,	58
The Smithy,	59
Seaton House,	60
Seaton Gate,	61
Auchmithie,	62
Harbour of Auchmithie,	63

THE ETCHINGS:

	No.
Auchmithie, looking Seaward,	64
Redcastle,	65
Lunan Bay,	66
Ethiehaven,	67
St. Murdoch's Chapel,	68
The Redhead,	69
Ethie House,	70
At Ethie: The Stricken Tree,	71
The Gaylet Pot,	72
In Seaton Den,	73
Arbroathwards,	74
'The Floors,'	75
The Masons' Cave,	76
'The Deil's Heid,' or 'Pint Stoup,'	77
Dickmont Den,	78
Near 'The Mariners' Grave,'	79
The Needle Eye,	80
The Mermaid's Kirk,	81
The Stalactite Cave,	82
St. Ninian's Well,	83
The Ness and the Steeple Rock,	84
The Bell Rock Lighthouse,	85
Dickmont Law,	86
Marywell Village,	87
Tarrybank,	88
Drunkendub,	89
The Site of Quhitfield Chapel, Chapelton,	90
Boysack Mill,	91
Braikie Castle,	92
The Church of Inverkeilor,	93
Old Chance Inn,	94
The Church of Lunan,	95
The Site of St. Vigian's Chapel, Grange of Conan,	96
The Birthplace of Alex. Brown, LL.D.,	97
Colliston Castle,	98
The Village of Colliston,	99

THE ETCHINGS:

	No.
The Church of Kinnell,	100
Leysmill, from the Railway Station,	101
Friockheim Parish Church,	102
The Church of Guthrie,	103
Guthrie Castle,	104
Gardyne Castle,	105
Vinney Den,	106
The Church of Kirkden,	107
To Arbirlot,	108
The Church of Arbirlot,	109
Arbirlot Bridge,	110
Kelly Den,	111
Kelly Castle,	112
Muirdrum,	113
The Lake at The Guynd,	114
The Church of Carmylie,	115
To Carmylie Quarries,	116
Westhaven,	117
The Church of Barry,	118
Carnoustie Parish Church,	119
The Church of Panbride,	120
The Old Gate at Panmure,	121
Panmure House,	122
The Panmure Monument,	123
The Camuston Cross,	124

Note.—The 'end-papers' of this volume, like those of 'Round About the Round O,' are illustrative of the botany of the district. They are a representation of some of the flowers which grow on the Cliffs, and are designed and printed by Messrs George Waterston & Sons, Edinburgh.

ABERBROTHOCK ILLUSTRATED.

The Abbey.

When in the end of August 1773 Dr. Samuel Johnson, accompanied by Boswell, visited Arbroath, there was nothing in the town which he condescended to take any notice of except the Abbey. About forty years afterwards, one who has a greater name in the literature of our country, and who had a keen eye for every phase of social life—Sir Walter Scott—took note not only of the grandeur of the Abbey ruins, described in 'The Antiquary' as 'St. Ruth,' but also in many of the chapters in the same novel gave charmingly realistic pictures of life in 'Fairport' (Arbroath), at country houses in its neighbourhood, and in 'Musselcrag' (Auchmithie), in the first decade or so of the present century. But Dr. Johnson, if he ignored the little town which he passed through on his journey from Dundee to Montrose, while on his way to the Hebrides—as he similarly ignored other towns of larger growth—was emphatic about its Abbey. 'The monastery of Aberbrothock,' he wrote in the 'Journey to the Western Islands,' 'is of great renown in the history of Scotland. . . I should scarcely have regretted my journey had it afforded nothing more than a sight of Aberbrothock.' And, amidst the whir of machinery and all the activities of a busy

manufacturing and commercial town, the Abbey, although for centuries a ruin only, is still, in an important sense, the dominant interest in Arbroath. These old ruins connect themselves with some of the dearest associations of the 'sons of St. Thomas,' and from generation to generation they have been a source of inspiration to innumerable local poets. In the most distant parts of the earth the Arbroath emigrant fondly recalls to recollection the Tower Nook, the Abbey Green, and 'the Round O.' The late Thomas Watson (1807–75), who occupies a foremost place among the poets of Arbroath, has expressed, in a fine poem on the Abbey, the contemplative mood proper to a stroll amidst its ruins:

> Lone lingering in the old churchyard,
> And gazing on these mouldering walls,
> The stately pile of other days
> The re-creative mind recalls.
> Deep musing here, as day declines,
> And silence lulls the dinsome town,
> I needs must dream of ages past,
> Ere creed and Church were overthrown.

The Abbey of Aberbrothock was founded in 1178, and the building of the church was completed in 1233. Its founder was King William the Lion, who dedicated it to his murdered friend Archbishop Becket — St. Thomas of Canterbury. In 1214, on 10th December, the body of King William was brought hither from Stirling, where the King died, and was buried in front of the High Altar (1), in the presence of his son and successor, Alexander II., and the nobility of the kingdom. The blue shelly marble block, curiously carved, which covered the tomb, is one of the

relics contained in the vestry of the church—a beautiful building standing on the south side of the chancel, and erected in the fifteenth century by Abbot Walter Paniter.

The chief entrance to the Abbey, and for long the principal entrance also to the Abbey Burying-Ground, is the West Door (2), deeply recessed, showing a blending of the Norman and Early English styles; the bold outline being of the former style, and the elaborate and delicate carving being a characteristic of the latter. Above the door is a gallery, which again is surmounted by part of a large circular window that had been a prominent feature of the western gable. Of the two front towers the more entire is that on the north side, generally called the St. Thomas Tower.

The Round O (3), or Catherine-wheel window, in the south transept, is a striking feature of the church. In this transept there was an altar to St. Catherine, in front of which was buried Gilchrist, Mormaer of Angus, a contemporary of the founder of the Abbey, and one of its most munificent benefactors. The modern and home-like associations of Arbroath with the Round O have been expressed by a living poet, George W. Donald, the Keeper of the Abbey:

> Lang may the sunbeams through thee glint,
> Thou magic ring, sae aft in print;
> The heart must be as hard as flint,
> An' cauld as snaw,
> For thee that wadna gae ae dint,
> Thou big Round O.

Looking West (4) from the transepts, a good view of the interior of the church is obtained. The view is that

of the south aisle and the front portion of the structure: of the north aisle nothing is left, and of the north transept only the site is shown by modern masonry. About midway down the south aisle there is one of several interesting memorials in the Abbey Burying-Ground. It is a flat stone inscribed in memory of Bishop Edgar, of the family of Edgar of Keithock, in Angus, an elder brother of whom was the private secretary of the Chevalier de St. George, and a friend of his son Prince Charles Edward.

The dormitory of the Abbey was as usual situated on the south side of the church. No part of it now exists, and it is on record that in 1580 the Magistrates had a grant of the stones of the dormitory from the Duke of Lennox, who was at that time Commendator of the Abbey, with which to build the church of the burgh—the Old Church. But although the dormitory has disappeared these three centuries, leaving no trace of its existence except where it abutted on the wall of the church, the Abbot's House (5), commonly called 'the Abbey House,' remains. It is the property of the Town Council, and is still inhabited. The house has gone through many changes. At one time it was partly used as a thread factory, and it is understood that then much of its ancient carved work, of an ecclesiastical character, disappeared. Only two pieces are left. The pillared and groined kitchen and butteries are still an interesting portion of the building. The garden of the Abbot's House has of late been laid out, in part, as a public bowling green; and much has been done by the Magistrates, within the last few years, to open up and improve the surroundings of the Abbey on the south side,—the side of the Abbey Green, or Convent Churchyard (6), where stands

a fragment of the chapter-house, and where the foundations of other parts of the monastic buildings, possibly the infirmary, were discovered a few years ago. The ruins of the Abbey Church belong to the Crown, which in 1815, after ages of neglect, undertook their care, and had the whole area of the church cleared out in 1835.

The regality buildings of the Abbey are situated to the west of the church, which they adjoin. The remains of these buildings consist of the Gateway, or Abbey Pend (7), and the Tower (8). The former is a picturesque ruin; the latter, which had been both the castle or fort and the prison of the monastery, is almost entire, and roofed. It is seventy feet high, twenty-four feet square, and its walls are four and a half feet thick. There had been a spacious apartment over the Gateway, and here, probably, in the regality portion of the Abbey buildings, was held the memorable Convention Parliament of 1320, under the presidency of King Robert the Bruce, which sent to Pope John XXII. the letter that extorted Papal recognition of the independence of the State and Church of Scotland. On two occasions before Bruce was at the Abbey, in 1296 and again in 1303, Edward I. of England was there, as an uninvited guest; and in after times several of the Scottish monarchs made brief sojourns within its walls.

The gatehouse and the buildings between it and the church must have been erected a considerable time after the church itself, but the gatehouse at any rate probably dates as far back as the time of Bruce. The pend consisted of beautifully groined arches. In the walls may be seen the groove of the portcullis which defended the entrance to the Abbey, near which was begun the battle of Arbroath,

fought on 23rd January 1445. The portcullis forms the seal of the burgh of Arbroath. The illustration of the Tower Nook, like some others in this work, possesses an interest in showing things which have changed already with the progress of the years. The old tavern, known by the name of the 'St. Thomas,' has given place to a modern erection of the same character, and the drinking-fountain has been removed to the open space in front of the north-west tower of the Abbey.

The Abbey to the Old Church.

The precinct of the Abbey was enclosed by a lofty stone wall, some fragments of which still remain. The wall began at the Tower, and was continued along the east side of the High Street (9), though not quite on the present line of the street. Arbroath was in existence in some rudimentary state, perhaps as a fishing village, before the Abbey was founded. 'The village of Aberbrothock' was among the gifts which were granted to the monastery by King William, who authorised the monks to erect it into a burgh, with market and port, which they did. The High Street is the first street in the town of which mention is made in the Chartulary of the Abbey—the oldest of the local records. It is noticed in the year 1303, by which time the burgesses had built houses on the west side. 'High Street,' however, is a comparatively modern name. Until about a hundred and sixty years ago the name of the street, from the Abbey Tower to Lordburn, was Eleemosynary Street, it being so named from the almonry

of the Abbey, which stood in that neighbourhood. From Lordburn to Kirk Wynd, the street was anciently known as Rotten Row—a somewhat rare name; and below Kirk Wynd to the sea the name was Copegate, sometimes written 'Covgate' or 'Cowgate'—perhaps as indicating the site of the market-place of the burgh, which this part of High Street still is. It is the upper part of High Street, down to near Applegate, which is presented in the picture. Lordburn and Applegate, extending westward from High Street, are among the oldest streets in the burgh.

The Parish, or Burgh, Church (10) stands in the south-west angle of the precinct of the Abbey, and a small tower which had formed part of the precinct wall at this point was used as the steeple of the church until 1830, when the present spire was built. The church itself was built between the years 1580 and 1590. Besides the gift of the stones of the dormitory of the Abbey from the Duke of Lennox, the Magistrates obtained various donations in money from the Convention of Burghs, to assist them in building the church. It was enlarged in 1762–63, since which time the principal change made upon it, either internally or externally, has been the erection of an organ in the year 1881. The church, since shortly after the erection of the Abbey Parish Church in 1797, has generally been called 'the Old Church.'

> Youthful joys no time destroys,
> Nor waste of distance quells,
> And still the strain I hear again
> That fills the Auld Kirk bells.

So sings W. C. Sturoc, a native of Arbroath resident for the last thirty-nine years in America.

The High School to Hays Well.

The Darn Gate, a private entrance to the Monastery, stood at the south-east angle of the precinct wall, and a little to the south-west of its site are the High School (11) and Hill Terrace (12). For upwards of three centuries at least the chief schools of the burgh have been in this locality. What was for ages the only school was situated in School Wynd—a narrow lane, running between Kirk Wynd and High Street, parallel with the latter street. It was doubtless in this old school that Master Robert Cumming taught—a schoolmaster who in 1562 was deposed by the General Assembly for 'infecting the youth committed to his charge with idolatrie,' that is, with the tenets of the old religion. It was in 1769 that the burgh school was removed from School Wynd to the neighbouring hill, from which it was named the Hill School. The Academy, now known as the High School, was erected in 1821 close to the site of the Hill School. The High School is a building which associates itself with the youthful recollections of many of the sons and daughters of Arbroath. Hill Terrace, with Hill Place opposite, named, as is also Hill Street, from Boulzie Hill, is a somewhat modern street.

Academy Street, at the north end of the High School, takes its name from the school. Ponderlaw Street, which is a continuation of Academy Street, derives its name from a remoter time. It is situated in the field which belonged to the 'punder' of the Abbey, the officer who had charge of its woods and forests. Off this street there is a small street called Barber's Croft. Unlike Smithy Croft

(to the north of the Abbey grounds), anciently possessed by the master smith or armourer, Barber's Croft does not derive its name from any officer of the Abbey, but from a family of the name of Barbour who possessed the land in the sixteenth century. In Ponderlaw Street is the Wesleyan Chapel (13). This chapel, a small octagonal building, was opened for public worship by John Wesley on 6th May 1772. In 1882 it underwent a renovation which included the erection of a high Gothic porch that has completely changed its appearance as seen from the street. It is the old view that is seen in the picture. The house, part of which appears to the left-hand side of the drawing, is the manse of the Wesleyan minister.

Ponderlaw Street and Academy Street are shown in the picture of the High School, with the spire of St. Mary's (Episcopal) Church closing the vista. Passing the church on the right and Abbey Bank (Mr. James Muir) on the left, we go along an old road leading into the Montrose Road at the farm of Culloden—this last name being derived from the battle which extinguished the hopes of the Jacobites. About midway on this road a short path leads to the Hays Well (14) —an old and favourite fount. The present well was erected in 1841, by public subscription, and it took the place of an older structure. It is named from 'The Hays,' formerly meadow lands, and so called the Hays, situated to the east of the Abbey precinct. The Abbey was supplied with water from springs in the Hays. The water was conveyed in a two-inch lead pipe from about the spot where the Hays Well stands, as was discovered by the finding of a piece of the pipe during excavations which were made in the neighbourhood of the Abbey

Green in March 1879. The water was carried to a handsome reservoir, which stood a little to the south of the Abbey Church, and which is stated to have been destroyed about the beginning of the eighteenth century by the Rev. John Ferguson, minister of Arbroath, who constructed a tomb for himself with its stones. In the year 1779 the tomb was in turn demolished by order of the Magistrates, who appropriated its materials for the building of a cell as part of a prison which they erected in connection with the old Town House, subsequently the Guild Hall. A good view of Arbroath is obtained from near Hays Well (15): streets of dwelling-houses erected within the last few years have spoiled a fine view of the ruins of the Abbey from this spot.

The Braeheads, Boulzie Hill, Newgate.

Returning along the Culloden farm road we have a pretty rural scene in the immediate neighbourhood of the town and the sea, with Cliffburn (Mrs. Ritchie) and Mayfield (16) set in the midst of corn-fields. A walk along the Braeheads (17) commands a magnificent prospect alike of sea and land. In the picture the house seen on the top of the brae is Cliff House (Mr. C. Brown), and the cottages on the low ground in the distance were in the olden time connected with a spinning-mill at West Seaton Den -one of the earliest spinning-mills in the district. The chimney, part of which appears at the boundary wall of an old footpath in the foreground of the picture, is that of an asphalte manufactory. Down on the beach from here is the Codhead

Rock (18), so called from its general resemblance to the head of a fish, and the illustration shows a young fisher looking out for the return of the fishing-boats. The Codhead Rock is but one feature of the rocky shore eastward from Arbroath, of which a view is given in the picture introducing the old Salt Pan (19), and showing vessels crossing the harbour bar—a nautical scene which has inspired the Muse of a local poet, 'Thos. Kydd':—

Out to sea, from the old red pier,
When the morning is breaking fair,
I gaze, and the lapping of wavelets hear,
And I revel in ocean air.
My heart keeps time with the lap and spray
As, bearing to seaward far,
The fisherman silently sailing away
Is crossing the Fairport bar.

Boulzie Hill, with one of the public schools at its base, the modern Hill School (20), overlooks sea and shore at this point. The hill is public recreation ground, being vested in the Magistrates and Town Council for the community on payment of an annual rent. In times more primitive in their manners than the present it was a custom of the Incorporated Trades of Arbroath, kept up till about forty years ago, to assemble on Boulzie Hill, immediately after the Michaelmas elections, to throw apples over it, scattering them among the children. In a dispute with the superior, the Laird of Newgate, the practice appears latterly to have served the purpose of asserting a public right in the hill. Since the accompanying picture was taken the field in which the cattle are seen browsing has mostly been covered by a boot and shoe

factory. Newgate House (21), an old mansion, at the base of Boulzie Hill, is described by John Ouchterlony, of Guynd, *circa* 1685, as 'a very good house and pleasant place.' The streets on the estate of Newgate have been nearly all made within the present century. In Ouchterlony's time the house was surrounded by orchards and corn-fields. At the top of Boulzie Hill, on the estate of Springfield, is Springfield House (Rev. J. E. MacDougall), where in the end of last century Dr. Thomas Chalmers was tutor in the family of Dr. Stevenson, a medical practitioner in Arbroath. On the Hill itself the attention of the passer-by is arrested by a field-piece enclosed within an iron railing. It is one of the Russian guns captured during the war in the Crimea.

Lower Part of High Street—Danger Point.

Leaving the Hill, and proceeding along Hill Street, we have at the end of that street, at the opposite intersection of High Street, an old street with a new name, Commerce Street. Until 1860 this thoroughfare was called Horner's Wynd, and it is supposed to have been so called after Nicholas Horner, who was a magistrate of the burgh four hundred years ago. Farther down High Street from this point, there are on the right hand the Public Hall Buildings, including the Museum. Next to these is an old house, with crow-stepped gable, formerly called the Bishop's Palace, from its having been the residence of Bishop Edgar. It was in this house that Episcopalian worship was held during the time of the extreme disabilities imposed upon Episcopalians after the battle of Culloden, when not

more than four persons were permitted to assemble at a time for worship conducted by any Episcopalian clergyman, unless the clergyman had qualified by taking the oath to the Government. On the opposite side of the street, farther down, is old St. Mary's, now High Street Free Church (22), erected in 1806, and deserted by the Episcopalian congregation when in 1854 they removed to their new church in Springfield. An older Episcopal Chapel is shown in the picture of the foot of High Street (23). It is the second house in the etching, with a broad outside stair. About the beginning of the present century this building was the chapel and clergyman's house of the 'qualified' or English Episcopalians, previous to their union with the Scottish Episcopalian congregation. This part of High Street, down to the sea at Danger Point, with other streets in the neighbourhood, is now chiefly inhabited by a thriving colony of fishers. A strong bulwark at Danger Point guards against encroachments of the sea, which within the last thirty or forty years had rendered a dwelling-house, now taken down, uninhabitable, and had destroyed another building called the Fish-House. Close to Danger Point, to the east, is the Beach at Seagate (24), shown in the illustration at ebb tide, and where also, as partly appears from the tumble-down condition of some of the erections, the sea has made encroachments. The headland which appears in the distance in this picture is Whiting Ness. The view of the mouth of the Brothock (25) shows the bulwark at Danger Point. One of the commonest sights here is that of fisher wives and girls washing fishy clothes in the burn. A short distance seaward from where they are seen so engaged is the outlet of the main drain of the town.

The Harbour.

Walking along the south quay of the Harbour, or the Protection Wall, we reach the Jetty (26). Frequently there may be seen on a summer evening many more amateur fishers at this place than are shown in the drawing. The building with the tower is the Bell Rock Signal Tower, including the residence of the lightkeepers. The houses seen in the distance among the trees are Windmill (Mr. W. K. Macdonald) and Greenbank (Mr. James Cumming). Down towards the sea, about the end of Ladyloan, and near the ropework buildings at the point of land, is Ladyloan Public School.

The first harbour of Arbroath was a wooden pier, extending from the foot of High Street and bending westward, in front of Old Shorehead—a street which takes its name from the old harbour. This harbour was formed in consequence of a covenant entered into in 1394 by the monastery of Arbroath and the burgesses—an interesting document which has been preserved in the Registers of the Abbey. The Abbot's Harbour was superseded in the first half of the eighteenth century by the older part of the present Harbour, the building of which was begun in 1725, but owing to a scarcity of funds was not completed for many years. Under an Act of Parliament obtained in 1839 a New or outer Harbour was constructed, and the Old Harbour, the one which was begun in 1725, was improved. The Old Harbour was recently converted into a wet dock, this work being completed in September 1877, and the picture 'At the Harbour' (27) shows it in that

condition. On 18th February 1882 the dock entrance collapsed, but works with a view to its restoration have been going on for some time.

Included within the area of the dock is the site, near the Shore Dues Office, of the Lady Chapel, or St. Mary's, which was one of the establishments of the Abbey, and previous to the Reformation was the ordinary place of worship of the people of Arbroath. The foundations of the chapel, and some of its mouldings, were discovered when the Old Harbour was being converted into the wet dock. This old chapel has given its name to Ladybridge and Ladyloan.

Another view of the Harbour, and also of the town, is that from Ladyloan Ropework (28). The sheet of water shown here, and still better shown in No. 26, is a favourite resort for swimmers. The Shore (29), another of the Harbour pictures, is a scene familiar to many a Baltic and other foreign seaman as well as to the people of Arbroath. The picture shows Ladybridge Street in the distance. The harbour and town were bombarded on 23rd and 24th May 1781 by a French privateer, the Fearnought, under the command of Captain Fall, but hardly any damage was done. It is a tradition that a half-witted fellow known as 'the Simple Tailor,' and 'Satan Barclay,' another local 'character,' displayed some gallantry by discharging a musket-fire at the privateer from behind the Nuckle Rock—an incident which John Sim Sands (1794–1865) has introduced into his poem on the subject:

> But Arbroath and her 'Stitch' now their musketry pour,
> And pelt on her foemen the pitiless shower:
> From the 'Nuckle' destruction flees swift as the light,
> And the cutter's brave crew bid the world good night.

On the second day of the bombardment the privateer weighed anchor and sailed for Aberdeen. The Nuckle Rock, the scene of 'the Simple Tailor's' exploit, has disappeared. Part of it was carried away some years ago, a ship having run upon it, and the remainder was afterwards blown up to improve the entrance to the harbour.

Tuttie's Nook to Wormyhills.

Proceeding along Ladyloan, by a road which for ages gave the only access to Arbroath from Dundee and the West, we reach Tuttie's Nook (30), so called from being the nook, or corner, where in olden times the town's herd was in the practice of collecting the cattle of the inhabitants. In getting them together, to drive them to the moor, at Muirlands, he 'touted' on a horn. Three centuries ago, and later, the burgesses of Arbroath were largely an agricultural community, each man having his own acres, together with his right of pasturage in the common moor. Besides Tuttie's Nook, the drawing shows the Common not the common moor and another view of it is given in the next picture (31). This view includes also Seaforth House (Mr. C. W. Corsar), with the sands of Hospitalfield, and the distant coast line. The Common has been much cut up by roads and the railway, but it is still the chief recreation ground of the youth of Arbroath. As such, it mingles with some of the kindliest associations of the people. The feeling was expressed in some artless verses by Annie Mitchell, of Andover, United States, who previous to emigrating had worked in a spinning-mill in Arbroath. The short poem,

of which these are the opening lines, was published in the local paper in 1876:

O sweet Arbroath, home of my birth,
Spot that has aye been dear to me;
I love thee still, and for thy sake
I yet will cross the Atlantic Sea.

I've wandered long in foreign climes,
But never yet was seen by me
A gem sae rare, a flower sae sweet,
As the gowanies on the Common lea.

The Arbroath Infirmary, shown on the high ground in the drawing 'On the Dundee Road' (32), stands on land that once formed part of the Common. The Infirmary was opened on 12th January 1845. A little north from the Dundee Road, about three-quarters of a mile west from the Common, is Hospitalfield (33). The estate of Hospitalfield derives its name from the Hospital of the Abbey, which stood on the site of the mansion, and part of which, indeed, is included in the present house. The house commands a fine prospect of the estuary of the Tay. As it stands, it is largely the creation of the architectural skill of its owner, Mr. Patrick Allan-Fraser, *R*.R.S.A., and with its valuable artistic, antiquarian, and literary treasures, is one of the most interesting houses in Forfarshire. About half a mile west from Hospitalfield is the small hamlet of Elliot, with the bridge which carries the Dundee Road over the Elliot burn (34). This bridge was erected in 1785, shortly after the post-rider between Dundee and Arbroath had on a stormy night been swept away by the swollen stream, and drowned. Elliot is a junction on the Dundee and Arbroath Joint

Railway, the line connecting with it being the one from the Carmylie quarries. Kelly Bleachfield, a large work, is a little above the point at which Elliot Water enters the sea. The pleasant road to the Mineral Well at Wormyhills (35), passing Elliot House (Mr. J. P. Dowall), conducts also to the bleachwork, which is finely situated near the entrance to Kelly Den.

The Town House and Brothock Bridge.

At Wormyhills we are fully two miles from the market cross of Arbroath, or from the spot on High Street where the cross stood, and we shall now retrace our steps thither. That may be conveniently done by rail, and five minutes after getting into the train at Elliot we are in the Railway Station at Keptie Street. That street, which with its continuation, West Port, was about twenty years ago composed almost entirely of small houses, has within the last ten years or so become one of the chief business streets in the town. High Street is got at by way of this street and Millgate, the latter, an old street, being formerly the *gait* or road to the town's mills. The Town House (36), the seat of the local government of Arbroath, is the same that Scott makes mention of in 'The Antiquary' as the 'new Council House.' It was erected in 1808. But it has undergone some modifications since then, the principal of which were the removal, in 1844, of an outside stair by which access to it was obtained, and the addition of a wing with an arched pend beneath, connecting it with the Guild Hall, or Guildry Buildings. The records of the burgh; the charter of James

VI., dated 1599, of new erecting Arbroath into a royal burgh; and also the Regality Register of the Abbey, are deposited in the Town House. The Guild Hall shown in the picture, adjoining the Town House, is the old Guild Hall, burned down in October 1880, and since replaced by a more ornate structure. The old house was built in 1780 by the Town Council and the Guildry Incorporation. The ground floor was a prison, and in this prison two of the 'Friends of Liberty,' Robert Sands, Arbroath, and George Mealmaker, Dundee, were temporarily detained in 1794; the first floor was the Council Chambers until the Council removed to the present Town House; and the upper floor was the Guild Hall. J. Sands, author of 'Out of the World; or, Life in St. Kilda,' and other works, a grandson of Robert Sands, and son of the late John Sim Sands, pays a tribute to the memory of Mealmaker, one of Scotland's political martyrs, these being the first lines of his poem:

> Soldier of Freedom, and her martyr too!
> Who, armed with little but persistent zeal,
> Fought in the van against the despot crew
> That ruled the nation with a rod of steel,
> Fain would the grandson of thy friend proclaim
> Thy noble conduct, and revive thy name.

Brothock Bridge (37) is one of the most open spaces in the town. The large building in the picture is the Old Mill of Burnside spinning works; the small house to the right was the residence of the late Thomas Watson; and part of the enclosure of the British Linen Branch Bank is also shown in the picture. The bank occupies the site of Boysack Lodge, which was the town house

of the Carnegies of Boysack. Abbey stones were used freely in the construction of houses in Arbroath in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and on Boysack Lodge being demolished a large number of these, corbels and other finely carved stones, were found to have been built into the inner walls of the house. There were several cartloads of them, and they are now at Woodville, near Arbroath When the British Linen Bank was being built many human remains were unearthed, from which it is supposed that the site was an ancient cemetery, perhaps giving its name to Gravesend, an adjoining street. Gravesend is an old local name. The granite drinking-fountain in front of the bank was gifted to the town by the trustees of the late Mr. William Gibson, Maulesbank, in fulfilment of an intention of Mr. Gibson, who in his lifetime had done something towards improving the water-supply of the town. Market-gate — not shown in the drawing — one of two streets leading down from Brothock Bridge to the Harbour, was a street so long ago as the fourteenth century. Brothock Bank (38), on the west side of the bridge, showing, besides the house, a bit of Brothock Mill, — the first spinning-mill in Arbroath in which steam power was used — has been much altered since the drawing was made, the trees having been cut down, and a row of shops erected where the blank wall and railing are shown. This part of the town has been a good deal altered from time to time within the last forty years. It is now the chief access to the High Street from the west: formerly there was only a narrow road at Brothock Bank, the entrance to which, at Millgate, was for long spanned by the jaws of a whale.

Almerieclose, Stobcross, and The Cemetery.

Passing along in front of Brothock Mill, and crossing the bridge over the Brothock at Park Street, we get into the district which formed the estate of Almerieclose. There, when the district was rural, there was on the west bank of the stream a farm called Segton or Sedgeton, so named, it is supposed, from the sedges which grew at the water-side; and on the east side of the Brothock there was a large orchard, the memory of which is preserved in the name of a street in the locality. These and similar features of the district have disappeared these fifty years, being superseded by the flax spinning-mills and factories, some of which are shown in the picture of the Mawkin Pool (39). The Mawkin Pool is a milldam in the Brothock. It is mentioned in the Abbey Registers by this name in 1457. The name was a surname in Arbroath at that time, and it is probable that as a place-name it is derived from a person who formed the dam for the service of the burgh mills. The Brothock and its banks have been much changed since the poet William Allan (1784–1804) sang, in 'The Lass wi' the Bonnie Black Hair,'

> Thou soft flow'ry Brothock, by whose verdant side
> My Jenny aft strays the broom bushes amang,
> An' eyes the gay sporters that dart through thy tide,
> To list to the mavis' wild warbling sang.

In the view from Stobcross Bridge (40), looking down towards Guthrie Port, more spinning-mills and factories appear. The district has by its name an older and

different association, 'Stobcross' being a corruption of 'St. Abb's Cross.' The name has long been localised, and probably it is indicative of the site of an old cross, placed within full view of the Abbey, on the old road to Forfar. Crossing Stobcross Bridge, and passing through the Cairnie district of the town, which has nearly all been built within the last twenty years, we go along the old Forfar Road, with the houses of Cairniehill (Mr. W. H. Corsar) and The Elms (Mr. David Corsar) on the right, and at the point, about two miles from the Town House, where the new road joins the old, arrive at the Gate of the Cemetery (41). The first interment in the Cemetery took place on 31st October 1867. The ground, measuring about twenty acres, is kept like a beautiful garden. About its centre stands a Memorial Mortuary Chapel (42), which has been erected by Mr. Patrick Allan-Fraser of Hospitalfield from his own plans and under his immediate superintendence. The Chapel, which was begun in 1875, was about ten years in course of erection. It is a monument of solid workmanship.

> On Mausoleum, Death's most princely dower,
> The sculptor has exhausted all his art;
> On grass-green grave lies modest wayside flower,
> Or widow's mite—rich offering of the heart.
>
> —*James Crighton.*

The Mortuary Chapel attracts attention by its unconventional and striking architecture as well as by its many exquisitely beautiful carvings in stone—birds, ferns, flowers, and other natural objects being truthfully copied from nature. The rich and varied details of this building are worthy of careful study.

Anciently, the site of the Cemetery formed part of the burgh moor, which was of very considerable extent. There is but little appearance of moorland in the district now, the lands extending all round the Cemetery, and towards Colliston, being in a state of high cultivation, and dotted over with pleasantly situated houses, among these being Woodville (Colonel Dickson), Denfield (Mr. G. W. Laird), Rosely (Mr. James Shanks), Woodside (Mr. Colin Grant), Woodlands (Mr. James Smith), Ashbrook (Mr. William Salmond), Fernlea (Mr. Robert Salmond), and Beechwood (Mrs. Garland).

Keptie and Cairnie.

Returning towards the town by the new Forfar Road, which has been the chief road now for upwards of half a century, and passing Denley (Mr. Francis Webster), we reach the Nolt Loan Water Works and Hillend (43). The character of this locality is being changed considerably, through house-building and an important alteration in the Water Works. What since 1871 has been the public water-supply of Arbroath is pumped up from a well to the tank shown in the picture. This water scheme has been extended by the sinking of a larger and deeper well at Nolt Loan, and an extensive water tower — an imposing castellated structure—has been erected on the summit of Keptie Hill, just above Hillend. The work is now (June 1885) near completion, and when it is completed the tank shown in the picture will be taken down and re-erected, alongside two others, in the new Water Tower.

The name of the land to the north of Keptie Hill is Lochshade. The name indicates the situation of a loch, some remains of which still exist on the property of Lochlands (Mr. Peter Pennycook), and part of the ground between the Water Works and the Hill is every winter artificially turned into a lake again, to form a skating pond. The former presence of a loch there is also indicated in the name of a modern house in the locality—Cænlochan (Mr. David Chapel). The new Forfar Road cuts Keptie Hill into two parts. The eastern division, on the way to Cairnie (44), presents some sylvan beauty, but the district is being invaded by streets, and part of the hill itself has disappeared, having been appropriated for the sake of the sand and gravel of which it is composed. From Cairnie a good general view of the town (45) down to the sea is obtained. The foreground of the picture is occupied by the railway and Dens Iron Works. The large building on the hill opposite Cairnie—Guthrie Hill is the Arbroath and St. Vigeans Combination Poorhouse, which was opened in 1866.

The estate of Cairnie, now belonging to Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., was for centuries possessed by the family of Aikman, designed of Lordburn and Cairnie. The last laird of that name was William Aikman, the celebrated portrait painter, grandson of the laird who is described as 'the Gude Laird o' Cairnie.' William Aikman sold Cairnie in 1707. There are built into the wall of the steading of Cairnie farm two stones bearing the arms of the Aikmans, the date 1688, and the initials 'J. A,' for John Aikman. No fewer than ten of these lairds of Cairnie bore the Christian name John, as is recorded, with other interesting particulars

relating to the Aikmans, on a monumental brass which in 1869 was placed in the vestry of the Church of Arbroath Abbey by their descendant the late Captain Robertson Aikman of Ross.

The picturesque Farm House of Cairnie (46) stands at a distance of not a great many yards from the ends of three modern streets — Howard Street, St. Vigeans Road, and Ogilvy Place. Cairnie Hill appears to have been a favourite resort of the poet Alexander Balfour (1767 1829), author of 'Contemplation,' and other works:

> Oft when day's departing beam
> Faintly fell on Brothock's stream,
> Wandering lone, on Cairnie Hill,
> For thy sake I 've lingered still,
> Pondering o'er the solemn scene,
> Wrapt in solitude serene.

G. W. Donald has celebrated the same scene in his song 'The Bonnie Lass o' Cairnie,' the sentiment animating which has doubtless been whispered many a time, and from generation to generation, in The Lovers' Loan (47), though the poet, in this case, makes it that of the wailing, because rejected, lover:

> Ye birds that round St. Vigeans sing
> To welcome in the flowery spring,
> Like you I 've garr'd the echoes ring
> Amang the Braes o' Cairnie.
>
> But now I cower to hide my pain
> Frae ilka nymph an' ilka swain,
> An' sigh an' sing this dowie strain—
> Farewell ! farewell to Cairnie !

St. Vigeans.

Since the Den has been cut up by the Caledonian Railway and the North British Arbroath and Montrose Railway, which pass through it, the road by the Lovers' Loan is now the more attractive of the two direct roads from Arbroath to St. Vigeans. Proceeding along this road, and passing Elm Bank (Mr. Andrew Lowson), we come to the knoll which has for many centuries been the burying-place of the parishioners of St. Vigeans. The Church stands on its summit (48). The approach to the church from the Den, by the side of the Brothock, is also very fine (49). St. Vigeans was anciently the parish church of Arbroath as well as of St. Vigeans, or rather of the whole 'shire' of Aberbrothock. The church was dedicated to St. Vigian, identified as St. Fechin, who in the seventh century was Abbot of Fohbar, in Westmeath, and it is one of the earliest ecclesiastical seats in the district. It is a tradition that the original situation of this Christian mission to the pagans of Southern Pictland was at Grange of Conan, where there are a holy well and the remains of a chapel, both bearing the name of St. Vigian, but probably this tradition is not well founded. The chapel may have been a dependency of the church at St. Vigeans, and so called St. Vigian's Chapel, just as the *quoad sacra* parish of Inverbrothock was so called many centuries later. St. Vigeans Church has a celebrity for its sculptured monuments, of the Celtic period, the most remarkable of which is the inscribed Drosten Cross. The Cross long stood in the churchyard. It is now carefully preserved in the church porch, and it has attracted much attention from

archæologists. The church underwent a process of restoration a few years ago. At that time the south clere-story wall and about three feet of the upper part of the north arcade were rebuilt, and it was found, in taking down the old work, that many fragments of finely sculptured stones had been utilised in its erection. These have been preserved, and several of them have been built into the inner face of the west wall. There are also some modern monuments in the edifice. One of them — only modern now in comparison with the Celtic stones — is to the memory of Sir Peter Young, who was preceptor and master almoner to James VI. He was a native of Dundee, acquired the estate of Tarrie, died in 1628, and was buried at St. Vigeans. A recently erected monument is in memory of the Rev. John Muir, minister of the parish from 1816 to 1865, and who on his death in the latter year was succeeded by the present minister, the Rev. William Duke, ordained in 1859 as assistant and successor to Mr. Muir. St. Vigeans Church, as it now stands, consists of a nave terminated by an apse, three aisles—two of them on the north—and a tower containing the principal entrance. The apse was erected in memory of the late Mrs. Rickard of Woodlands, chiefly from the proceeds of a legacy bequeathed by her. Its five windows are filled with beautiful stained glass, representing respectively the birth, baptism, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of our Lord. These windows have been erected in memory of, respectively, Alexander Duncan of Parkhill; John Bowman, formerly schoolmaster of the parish; the Rev. John Aitkin, formerly minister of the parish; the wife and children of the late Mr. Robert

Lindsay, North Tarry (an additional brass has been placed to the memory of Mr. Robert Lindsay himself); and Mr. James Lindsay, younger brother of the above, who succeeded him at North Tarry. There is another stained-glass window in the south aisle, in memory of Miss Rolland of Abbethune, a generous benefactor of the Industrial School in Arbroath. The church possesses valuable communion plate, gifted to it by the late Mr. James Lindsay, North Tarry, in memory of his mother, and also cups gifted in 1667 and 1791. A curious tradition attaches to St. Vigeans Church, as to some other buildings in Scotland. It is to the effect that at the erection of one of the early structures a water-kelpie from the Brothock was pressed into the service, and he lamented his bondage in this couplet:

> Sair back an' sair banes
> Carrying the kirk of St. Vigeans stanes.

Another tradition connected with the church—significant of the superstitions of a bygone age—is that the Sacrament of the Supper had not been dispensed in the parish from 1699 to 1736—an improbability—and that the parishioners had brought themselves to believe that the first time the ordinance should be dispensed the church would sink and the whole people would be carried down and drowned in a lake over which it was supposed to have been built. The belief of this had taken such hold of the people's minds that on the day the sacrament was administered some hundreds of the parishioners sat on an eminence—on which the manse now stands—about a hundred yards from the church, expecting every moment the dreadful catastrophe. The

tradition is related by the Rev. John Aitkin, minister from 1754 to 1816, in his article on the parish, given in the Old Statistical Account of Scotland. Mr. Aitkin tells a still older story, of the superstitious kind, concerning the church of St. Vigeans: 'Tradition relates that the last monk who officiated here was one of the name of Turnbull; and in the year 1754 part of the floor of two rooms in the steeple said to be possessed by him remained. He is said to have been frightened from his chambers by the devil appearing to him in the shape of a rat, and no monk after him would be persuaded to reside in the steeple.'

Mr. Aitkin, previous to his ordination to the ministry in the parish of St. Vigeans, was schoolmaster of Arbroath. He was not himself in the least prone to superstition, but was a shrewd worthy gentleman of the old school. He lived to a great age, and for some time prior to his death was the oldest minister of the Church of Scotland. Dr. Scott, in his 'Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ,' tells an anecdote of him which derives its point from the circumstance of his having been a bachelor. When advanced in life, and troubled with deafness, he consulted a physician in Edinburgh, celebrated as an aurist, and a humorist as well. The minister having tendered a fee it was refused, the doctor explaining that it had long been a rule with him to take no fee from country clergymen, on the ground that they could not afford it. 'Oh,' said Mr. Aitkin, 'I can; I have no family.' 'Why,' said the doctor, 'did you not tell me that at first? Then you will be a bachelor? Destroy the prescription I gave; go home and get married as fast as you can, and be assured ere long time elapse you shall hear on the deafest side of your head.'

Not far to the north of St. Vigeans Church is the old mansion-house of Letham (50), now a farm-house, situated a mile or two down the valley from the large and beautiful mansion of Letham Grange (Mr. James Fletcher). Near old Letham House, at a point on the road from Beechwood to St. Vigeans, the Bell Rock Lighthouse, fourteen miles distant, can be seen through the 'Round O.' A short way from Letham House is Letham Mill (51), where the bee-hives of the President of the East of Scotland Beekeepers' Society, Mr. John Stewart, are well worthy of a visit. Tarry Mill (52), another pleasant spot, and the old mansion-house of North Tarry (53), are opposite the church, on the other side of the Den. The lands, which belong to Mr. Leonard Lyell of Kinnordy and Pitmuis, have long been farmed by an old Arbroath family —first by Mr. Robert Lindsay of Almerieclose, and subsequently by his descendants. The view of St. Vigeans from Warddykes (54) shows the Church, Manse, and the old Schoolhouse, with Elm Bank among the trees on the high ground. Passing the farm of Warddykes so named from the land having been within the 'ward' of the Abbey we reach the Wardmill Hill and Demondale (55). Of the hill, which forty years ago was a favourite recreative resort of the people of Arbroath, little remains, the clay of which it was composed having been used up in the making of bricks. The neighbouring flour-mill, formerly the property of the community, and from which the hill has its name, has not for a considerable number of years been used as a flour-mill. In his poem on 'Brothock Water,' David Carnegie, one of the living poets of Arbroath, has celebrated these scenes of the vale of the Brothock, close to

which he was born, and where he has spent nearly all his life :

> Ilk spot I ken weel, frae the mill to the kirk ;
> I hae roamed there in sunshine, at gloamin' an' mirk ;
> In summer I 've pu'd the wee gowans on thy braes,
> And slid on thy dam i' the cauld wintry days.
>
> And there was the Hill, whaur we bairns did play,
> But, alas ! like our playmates, its weeded away,
> An' nought noo remains o' the Hill once so green
> But the red sandy hillock to mark where 't has been.

Demondale is the site of a useful institution, the Industrial School. The building shown in the picture is the manse of the minister of Free Inverbrothock Church.

Seaton and Auchmithie.

Having now retraced our steps to the town, we reach the Townhead district, with its 'Barngreen,' indicating the site of the barns of the monastery, and 'Hamilton Green,' the name of another street, marking the long connection with the Abbey of Aberbrothock of the noble family of Hamilton, one of whom, James, the second Marquis, on the suppression of the abbacy in 1606 had it erected into a temporal lordship in his own favour. Starting on a fresh journey from the district of the Braeheads, where in these notes we have already been, we strike the Auchmithie Road, and, going along it, pass on the left the Horologe Hill (56), where some trees mark the site of the old mansion-house of South Tarry. The hill derives its name from a sun-dial

which stood within the garden of the house. The Ladle Well (57), situated by the roadside, close to the Horologe Hill, is noticed by Thomas Watson, as a trysting-place, in his song of Katie Beattie:

Waitin' by the Ladle Well,
Weary waitin' in the gloamin',
Ilka minute is an hour
Till I see my Katie comin':
Comin' barefoot frae the toon,
Liltin' up a lightsome ditty,
Wi' her lips sae rosy red—
O my bonnie Katie Beattie!

From the Ladle Well the road ascends to Seaton Gate, and some picturesque 'bits' are seen by the roadside, as at the Cartwright's (58) and the Smithy (59). The view of Seaton House (60), the residence of Mr. C. C. Strachan Carnegie of Tarrie, is taken from a point behind the Smithy. In the view of the Gate of Seaton House (61) the artist has introduced some of the ordinary passengers on this road —Auchmithie fishers.

The village of Auchmithie (62) is three miles and a half from Arbroath. The pedestrian may do a part of the journey through the pleasant Seaton Wood. From its association with the genius of Sir Walter Scott, it being generally regarded as the 'Musselcrag' of 'The Antiquary,' as well as from the attractions of the magnificent rock scenery of this part of the coast, Auchmithie is much visited by strangers from all parts of the world. Scott himself spent a day or two there, putting up at the village inn, which in honour of his temporary lodging in it was

for long afterwards called the 'Waverley Inn.' The inn, now known as the 'Northesk Arms,' was accidentally burned down in 1884, but is being rebuilt by the proprietor of the village, the Earl of Northesk. Before Scott's time Auchmithie had another distinguished visitor in Robert Burns, who breakfasted there on 13th September 1787, when he was on his return journey from his third Highland tour. From Auchmithie the poet sailed along the coast to Arbroath, examining the rock scenery. The village of Auchmithie is very old, and its population is believed to be of Scandinavian origin. The fishing community located in Arbroath is in the main a colony from Auchmithie. The village consists almost entirely of one long street, and it is picturesquely situated on the summit of a cliff. A supply of water has recently been introduced, and attention given to sanitary arrangements. The village has been improved in that respect since William Shand Durie (1818–74) thus rather uninvitingly began his amusing tale of 'The Lost Fisherman':

> Where sweet Auchmithie rears its lofty head,
> Rich in perfume of filth and mussel midden.

There is a good school in Auchmithie, and at present (1885) there is a process in the Court of Teinds for erection of the village, with a neighbouring part of the parish of St. Vigeans, in which it is situated, into a parish *quoad sacra.* But Auchmithie cannot be said to be making progress otherwise. It is a stand-still place, presenting much the same appearance, probably, that it did when Burns visited it nearly a century ago. That is largely in consequence of its not having a good harbour. The Harbour

of Auchmithie (63) is an inlet among the rocks, but with no pier, and the boats have to be beached every time they return from sea. For several years a steam engine has been used to draw up the boats, but other arrangements are of the most primitive type. It is still frequently the case that the boats are launched by the women, who when the boat is afloat take the men on their backs and deposit them in it. They perform this service in order that the men may not have to sit in wet clothes when they are at sea. Now that fishermen elsewhere largely employ deep-sea boats, of such size that they can be moored only alongside built quays, the want of a pier at Auchmithie is being increasingly felt by the fishermen there. An anonymous poet, but professing to be one of their own number, takes a somewhat despondent view of the situation, in some verses recently contributed to the 'Arbroath Guide' newspaper:

While glowering ower the main,
Dreaming my harbour dream in vain,
I sigh to think my sons shall a'
Be forced frae me tae gang awa';
For they'll be starved that dinna gang.

Although they're hardy, strong, and brave
As ever sailed on ocean's wave,
They canna fish in boats sae wee
Far whaur the fish appear tae flee,
Sin' trawlers passed their beds alang.

But the general increase in the size of fishing boats, which has made matters difficult for the fishermen of the village, is not consequent on trawling, or on that only. Nor are

the Auchmithie fishermen altogether without deep-sea boats. These, however, they have to harbour at Arbroath. A good fishing harbour at Auchmithie is the greatest want of this interesting old village. Respecting the picturesqueness of the situation of the place, that is best seen from the beach, as shown in the picture of Auchmithie, looking seawards (64).

Auchmithie is not without a competitor for the honour of being the home of the 'Mucklebackit' family. A claim has been put in on behalf of Ethiehaven, connected with which there is a story that points to the origin of the name of 'Mucklebackit.' Scott had been boating along the coast, examining the cliff scenery, and, wishing to land at Ethiehaven, the boatman, George Cargill, had to carry the great novelist ashore, there being no quay. This service Sir Walter acknowledged by clapping Cargill on the shoulder, accompanying the action with the remark, 'Weel, Geordie, you're a fine muckle-backit fellow.' Cargill used to tell this story with great glee, and it may be accepted as accurate. Mr. Coull, formerly lessee of the Ethie salmon fishings, in mentioning to the writer that he had often heard it from Cargill, states that a few years ago an incident somewhat similar to the rescue in 'The Antiquary' took place near Ethiehaven. Some ladies who had been wandering along the shore were caught in a bay near the Redhead by the tide, and were rescued by him with a boat. Ethiehaven, in some respects, suits the description of 'Musselcrag' better than Auchmithie, particularly in being situated at the base of the cliffs; but of course Scott, as a literary artist, idealised his localities, and his persons too; hence, none are exact copies. Ethie House has usually been

regarded as the residence of 'Sir Arthur Wardour.' For 'Monkbarns' there are several claimants. Hospitalfield, where Sir Walter Scott visited, best answers the description, and that house is generally associated with the residence of 'Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck;' but Newbarns, near Ethie, which in Scott's time was tenanted by a gentleman of antiquarian tastes, has likewise been mentioned in this connection, as have also Seaton House and Anniston. In the same way, the 'Kaim of Kinprunes' may be identified with the Law Hill—and it generally is—or it might be Keptie Hill. The fact of his having surrounded the Abbey, as 'St. Ruth,' with the sylvan scenery of Kelly Den or Seaton Den is an illustration of how Scott, while in his descriptions preserving all the characteristics of the district, has in describing particular localities taken about as much liberty as he has with their names.

Redcastle, the Redhead, and Ethie.

Lunan Bay, to the north of Auchmithie, is now a station on the Arbroath and Montrose section of the North British Railway, and thus it is only a few minutes distant from Arbroath. This fine bay forms a segment of about five miles, three miles of which are a sandy beach. Perched on the rocky cliffs to the north, there anciently stood a chapel dedicated to St. Skeoch or St. Skea, the burying-ground of which is still occasionally used for interments. At the head of the bay, standing on a mount at the mouth of Lunan Water, are the ruins of Redcastle (65).

It is uncertain when the castle was built. The lands and manor were conferred by William the Lion on Walter of Berkeley, and there is a tradition that the castle was built by the King as a defence of the coast against the Danes. The broad sands of Lunan Bay presented a good landing-place for the war galleys of the Scandinavians, a trace of whose incursions is supposed to survive in the name of 'Corbie Knowe'—corbie being Scottish for raven, the ensign of the Danes. Other local names indicate the former baronial occupation of Redcastle, such as Hawkhill, Courthill, and Cothill; while 'Gallowshill' and the 'Witchpools' are equally significant.

> The Gallowshill, tremendous, awful spot,
> Where hemp, or withie, sealed the wretches' lot;
> The 'Pit,' or 'Witch Pool'—female culprits' doom,
> In wrinkled age, or beauty's early bloom.
> These all bespeak thy feudal, sovereign sway
> In Scotia's ruder and her earlier day.
> But oh, how changed! thy rifted yawning wall
> Now stoops and totters to its headlong fall;
> Thy cheerful halls, seats of the bold and brave,
> Are lonely now, and silent as the grave.
>
> —*James Thomson.*

Proceeding round Lunan Bay (66), we reach its southern boundary at Ethiehaven (67). The view of the bay is taken from this hamlet. Ethiehaven, nestling at the base of the cliffs, is sometimes called Torrenshaven. It is so called from a family of shipmasters of the name of Thorn or Torn, who in the eighteenth century long held a leading position in the place, and to whom a monument, with an inscription quaintly referring to their seafaring occupation,

is erected in the churchyard of Inverkeilor. Ethie, with Ethiehaven, forms part of that parish, but anciently and until shortly after the Reformation it was a parish itself, with a church dedicated to St. Murdoch. The ruins of the church, on a site east from the Redhead, remain, and are usually known as St. Murdoch's Chapel (68). The churchyard is not now used as a place of interment. In his 'Forfarshire' (MS.), Thomson (1798-1864), author of the 'History of Dundee,' who was also a poet – the lines on Redcastle, just quoted, are from his descriptive poem on the Lunan—tells concerning this old burying-place one of those ludicrous stories which are not infrequently associated with sacred places and things in Scotland: 'The last interment,' he writes, 'took place a short time before the year 1770. The individual interred was a cripple, who desired to be buried just within the entrance gate, that at the general rising he might make his exit quickly, without incurring the risk of being trodden down by a crowd of abler and stouter risers than himself.' The Redhead (69) is the 'Rubrum Promontorium' of the Romans. It and the cliffs onward to Arbroath present an interesting field to the botanist. The Maiden Pink grows plentifully on the summit of the Redhead. The late William Gardiner, a botanical enthusiast, author of a valuable work, 'The Flora of Forfarshire,' felt impelled to express himself in verse 'as a humble tribute to the pretty flower.' His verses begin with these lines:

> Upon the Redhead's dizzy brink
> The Maiden Pink doth take her stand,
> Like some fair nymph, whose ardent eye
> Looks forth upon the ocean bland.

The scenery of the Redhead and its neighbourhood was that which was selected by John Sim Sands for the marvellous exploits of 'the Deacon,' as set forth in the humorous poem, 'Deacon Elshender's Last Visit to the Redhead'

On Auld Saint Thomas market day.

About a mile inland from the Redhead is the old mansion-house of Ethie (70), the Forfarshire seat of the Earl of Northesk, whose branch of the Carnegie family was first ennobled under the title of Baron Lour in 1639. John, Lord Lour, was next created Earl of Ethie in 1647 a title which he got changed in 1666 to that of Earl of Northesk. The church and lands of Ethie were possessed by the Abbey of Arbroath, and Ethie House is said to have been built by Cardinal Beaton while he held the abbacy of Arbroath. An apartment of the house is called Beaton's Chapel, another is a 'haunted' room, and the 'ghost' of the house—almost every old Scottish mansion has its ghost—is the Cardinal; for, according to one of the stories connected with Ethie, his footfall may at a certain hour be heard on the stone stair which connects the ground flat with the second storey. One of the 'sights' at Ethie is 'The Stricken Tree' (71).

That noble oak, alone, stands bare and cold,
By wintry blast chilled to the inmost core;
Of earth its roots will soon renounce their hold,—
The glamour of its sylvan life is o'er.

—*James Crighton.*

The Cliffs and Caves.

Returning to the cliffs, and again passing Auchmithie on the way back to Arbroath, we at about half a mile from the village come to the Gaylet Pot (72). This huge chasm, situated in the midst of an arable field, with sea and pebbly shore at the bottom, is one of the most curious of the multiform phases of the wearing effects of the sea that are to be seen on the east coast of Scotland. The Gaylet Pot is a hundred yards from the face of the cliff, and through that distance the ocean has tunnelled a passage for its waves. The entrance to the tunnel from the sea is about 130 feet below the top of the cliff. It is about 70 feet high and 40 feet broad, but the passage gradually contracts till at the point at which it enters the bottom of the Pot it does not exceed ten or twelve feet in breadth and height. The roof of the tunnel is composed of rock strong enough to bear the superincumbent soil, but at the Pot itself the soil had been soft, and was gradually eaten away by the waves; hence the chasm. Hugh Miller, who visited the Gaylet Pot in 1841, picked up on its beach some seven or eight varieties of jasper, and at least twice as many different kinds of porphyry. In his 'Old Red Sandstone' he notes the unique view along the tunnel, the spectator beholding 'through the deep gloom of the passage the sunlight playing beyond, and now and then a white sail passing the opening, as if flitting across the field of a telescope.'

The walk to or from Auchmithie by the Cliffs is even more attractive than that by the inland road, pleasant as

the road is. The Cliffs have always been a favourite resort of Arbroath people and visitors to the town. They belong to the Upper Old Red Sandstone series, and present some of the finest rock scenery on the coast. In some places they descend into the sea in sheer precipices nearly 200 feet high ; in others, they have been broken by the action of the waves into gloomy gorges or fantastic fragments, while there is many a grassy brae sloping down almost to the water's edge, and bespangled in the summer months with beautiful wildflowers. The sea has broken up the rocks into many caverns, which two centuries ago, and later, were a hunting ground for people in Arbroath. Seals then abounded in the caves, and they were hunted for the sake of the oil. They are still sometimes seen on the coast, and an encounter between 'Captain M'Intyre' and the '*Phoca*' on this shore forms one of the lighter incidents in the novel of 'The Antiquary.' Weird traditions are connected with some of the caves, while others have an association with smuggling exploits. In Carlinheugh Head, a bold headland forming the northern boundary of the broad bay of Carlinheugh, there are three caverns, the Dark Cave, the Light Cave, and the Forbidden Cave. The latter is the scene of the tradition of 'The Piper of Dickmontlaw,' which Alexander Balfour has made the subject of one of his metrical tales. The legend is of a piper and his wife who wandered into the Forbidden Cave, and were for ever lost in it. Balfour, in a note to his poem, briefly gives the tradition : 'Dickmont Law is more than a mile distant from the entrance of the cave, where, according to the story, the piper and his wife entered, when returning from a wedding. Next morning the piper was heard at Dick-

mont Law sounding his drone; also, his wife singing the following distich in a doleful tone:

> "Lone, lost, and weary, plays Tammy Tyrie,
> Beneath the barns of Dickmont Law."

The piper continued to play incessantly for some nights and days after, but was never more seen on earth. Thus runs the current tradition, which at one period was firmly believed by many.' Balfour states that he had often heard the outline of the tale told by his grandmother, but that he had taken the liberty of altering the catastrophe, which, as related by her, was truly horrible. As related by the poet, the piper and his wife, after seeing sights of fairyland in the cave, find their way out of it, led by their dog:

> She took the piper on her arm,
> And bade him briskly play;
> And through the long Forbidden Cave
> They slowly wend their way.

The path by the cliffs to Auchmithie crosses Seaton Den (73 and 74), a scene of much sylvan beauty, and an inspiration to many local poets.

> Sweet spot! the blast that roars within thy woods
> Flies harmless o'er the verdure of thy plain;
> The sunbeam loves to rest within thy banks
> Or glitter in thy stream; and quiet peace
> Dwells lovingly within thy bosom green.

The lines occur in an anonymous poem entitled 'Macbeth,' ascribed by James Thomson, the author of the 'History of Dundee,' to David Carey (1782-1824), but which in 'A

Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Works' (Edinb. 1883) is stated to be by 'James Mann, and the notes to it by Dr. J. Adam.' Carey wrote many works, in prose-fiction and verse, bearing his name. He was the son of a thread manufacturer in Arbroath, where he was born. The poem of 'Macbeth,' which has much local colouring, is a story of the Danish invasions. Walking through Seaton Den from the seashore, the traveller reaches Seaton Wood and the Auchmithie road. From the entrance to the Den there is a footpath to the farm-house of East Seaton. Built into one of the walls of this house is a triangular stone, bearing the date 1583, and the initials, with a heart between, of Sir Peter Young and the first of his three wives, Elizabeth Gibb.

On the south side of Carlinheugh Bay is Cove Haven, where in the olden time there was a fishing village. Overlooking the Haven, on the top of the cliffs, there is an artificial mount bearing the name of the Maiden Castle, and mentioned by that name in a charter, dated 6th May 1478, in the Chartulary of the Abbey. It is an old fort, probably of the time of the Norse invasions; on the land side traces of the fosse and rampart are still visible. On the shore, in front of the Cove Haven, are 'The Floors' (75), ridges of rock shown at ebb tide. The most frequented part of the Cove Haven, and from which the 'haven' gets its name, is the Masons' Cave (76). Within easy distance of the town, and readily accessible, this is the cavern with which, of the whole series, people in Arbroath are most familiar. The Masons' Cave is so called from the St. Thomas Lodge of Freemasons having at one time been in the habit of walking thither annually, on St. John's

Day, and opening their Lodge in the cave—a custom which is still occasionally observed. When it was observed regularly, upwards of a century ago, the Freemasons built a gate to the cave, and part of the stonework still remains. About thirty years ago this and other caverns on the coast were regularly resorted to for shelter by vagrants and other houseless persons. The Masons' Cave is 231 feet long and from twelve to fourteen feet wide.

The stack called 'The Deil's Heid,' and sometimes 'The Pint Stoup' (77), is a prominent feature of the coast. The space between the cliffs and the stack is called 'Duncan's Door.' At a certain point in the offing it has the appearance of an open door, and is a landmark to fishermen and mariners. Dickmont Den (78), a long narrow ravine into which the tide flows, and which is shown in the picture at ebb tide, is commonly called Dickman's Den. It was at one time a resort for smugglers, and there exists a tradition that a smuggler of the name of Dickman had his craft wrecked there, and that he himself was lost. But 'Dickman' is probably a corruption of 'Dickmont,' the name being the same as that of Dickmont Law. In and close to the Den there are a number of caves, and in connection with one of them the Devil's name is again introduced. The sea enters this cavern, and looking down from the top of the cliff, when the sun is shining on the water, there is seen an appearance as of two large eyes, caused by the light getting in at more than one fissure, and to this appearance the name of 'the Devil's Een' is given. The caverns in Dickmont Den give back a very distinct echo.

Still going towards Arbroath, we reach the small bay called the Mariners' Grave (79), so called as having been

the scene of a shipwreck in which a number of the crew were lost. The survivors were rescued by means of ropes let over the cliff, a gentleman of the name of Butcher—father of Miss Butcher, late of Brothock Bank—being lowered in this way to the help of the shipwrecked sailors. The incident occurred about the time of Scott's visits to the district, and it may have suggested the rescue scene in 'The Antiquary.' The grooves made by the ropes on the edge of the cliff at the Mariners' Grave, when the shipwrecked seamen were drawn up, have been re-cut from time to time by the boys of Arbroath. The picture is of the rocky shore near the 'Grave.' The sea-wearing of the rocks here has produced many fantastic forms, such as the ravine called the Cruzie, from its resemblance in shape to the old Scottish lamp, and the Blow hole through which, in storms, the waves are thrown up to a great height, and with thunderous noise. Another of these features is the Needle Eye (80), where there is a large perforation of the rock, the upper mass being left as a natural bridge. A short way east from it is the Mermaid's Kirk, called also the Pebbly Den (81)—a recess completely enclosed by rocks, but which the sea reaches through a fissure or tunnel in the cliff. The drawing of the Stalactite Cave (82) is copied from one made in 1842 by Mr. Patrick Allan (afterwards Mr. Patrick Allan-Fraser), when the cave was discovered. Some quarrymen were preparing stones at the Ness quarry, to be used in building the New Harbour, when they accidentally opened up the entrance to the cavern a narrow gorge, which had been filled with rocks that had fallen from the cliff. The cavern consists of two chambers. The larger, into which the

explorer first enters, is about 300 feet in length: its height varies from six to thirty feet, and its extreme width is from fifteen to sixteen feet. The second chamber is about 100 feet in length. The picture shows the first exploration of the cavern, the party carrying torches, the lights of which revealed in all their beauty the stalactites which then hung uninjured from the walls and roof. On entering the first chamber, the visitor sees the cavern sombrely lit up from a second entrance, which is through a tunnel at the base of a perpendicular cliff, near the gully known as the Monk and the Maiden's Leap. This second entrance can only be approached by boat.

There are other caverns near the Stalactite Cave, and one of them, close to the Ness, has of late had bestowed upon it the name of the Dynamite Cave, from its having been used for storing that explosive. At the Ness we are at the Arbroath end of the cliffs, and in a field adjoining the path leading up to the top of the headland come to St. Ninian's Well (83), a spring whose water percolates into a rock-basin beside the path.

> The banks are green, the flowers are fair,
> Around Saint Ringan's crystal well.
>
> —*Alex. Balfour.*

St. Ninian's, at Arbroath, is one of the holy wells of Scotland. Four centuries ago there stood there, on what then must have been a wild and out-of-the-way spot, a chapel dedicated to St. Ninian, bishop and confessor, often in Scotland known by the corruption of 'St. Ringan.' Human remains have occasionally been turned up in plough-

ing the land, and from that circumstance it has been concluded that there was a burying-ground attached to the chapel. A tradition of priestly villainy, which Balfour the poet has skilfully wrought into his story of 'Mary Scott of Eden-Knowe,' attaches to the locality of St. Ninian's Chapel, and has perhaps also given its name to the ravine called the Monk and the Maiden's Leap. The view of the Ness and the Steeple Rock lying outside it (84) is taken from the old East Links road to the Ness.

The Bell Rock.

Before quitting the sea scenes of this work, we visit the Bell Rock (85). The lighthouse is erected on the Inchcape Rock, generally called the Bell Rock, from the Abbot's bell immortalised in Southey's poem. The story of Ralph the Rover has also been worked into verse by many other poets, of less note, one of them being Alexander Balfour:

'Tis the Bell Rock's beacon light,
Beaming from its airy height,
Pointing to the sailor's eyes
Secret rocks, that near him rise:
Seas may roll, and winds may blow,
Still it shines with friendly glow;
Mountain billows vainly rave,
Still its light illumes the wave,—
Shows that spreading wide beneath
Lurks perdition, danger, death.

The Bell Rock Lighthouse is situated twelve miles from

Arbroath, which is the nearest land. Numerous wrecks that had occurred in a great storm on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th December 1799 directed public attention to the desirability of a beacon being erected on the Inchcape Rock. The most memorable wreck that ever occurred there was that of the York, 74-gun ship, which struck on the reef, and was lost with all hands. Previous to 1799 there had been sundry schemes for erecting a beacon of some kind. One of them was by a Leith gentleman for the erection of four bells, being in substance a revival of the arrangement made, according to the tradition, by the Abbot of Aberbrothock, as expressed in Southey's verse:

> The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothock
> Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
> On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
> And o'er the waves its warning rung.

At the instance of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, their engineer, Mr. Robert Stevenson, made a survey of the Rock in 1800, and an Act of Parliament authorising the erection of a lighthouse having been obtained, operations were begun in 1807. All the stones for the lighthouse were prepared in a yard in Ladyloan, Arbroath. The foundation was laid on Sunday, 10th July 1808. The work was completed in the beginning of 1811, and the light was exhibited for the first time on the night of 1st February in that year. From the foundation to the top of the lantern the tower is 115 feet high; it is 42 feet in diameter at the base, and 15 feet at the top. The light revolves, and is red and white alternately. The ancient connection of the Bell Rock with bells—a matter of tradition—is continued, for the tower is

supplied with two of them, and in foggy weather these are constantly tolled, night and day, by the machinery which moves the lights. Sir Walter Scott, along with the Commissioners of Northern Lights, visited the Bell Rock in 1814, and on that occasion he wrote these lines in the visitors' book:

> Far in the bosom of the deep,
> O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep—
> A ruddy gem of changeful light
> Bound on the dusky brow of night:
> The seaman bids my lustre hail,
> And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail!

The Bell Rock Lighthouse has completely fulfilled the purpose for which it was built. No vessel has been lost on the Inchcape Rock since its erection. The picture shows the rock at ebb tide.

Jervise, in his 'Memorials of Angus and Mearns,' has a curious note on the building of the Bell Rock Lighthouse. 'One horse,' he says, 'the property of James Craw, a labourer in Arbroath, is believed to have drawn the entire materials required for the building. This animal latterly became a pensioner of the Lighthouse Commissioners, and was sent by them to graze on the island of Inchkeith, where it died of old age in 1813. Dr. John Barclay, the celebrated anatomist, had its bones collected and arranged in his museum, which he bequeathed at his death to the Royal College of Surgeons, and in their museum at Edinburgh the skeleton of the Bell Rock horse may yet be seen.'

On the Montrose Road.

Our next route is a rural one, leading to the district of the Lunan, and we shall follow it somewhat discursively. Again starting from the Townhead of Arbroath, and passing along North Port, where formerly there was a gate or port, we reach the point at which the Montrose and Brechin roads meet. We select the Montrose road, which, as being the great road to the North, was before the time of railways more frequented than it is now, although it is still a road of importance. Soon after the farm steading of Culloden is passed, we come in sight of Dickmont Law (86), which indeed, with its clump of ancient trees, is a prominent object all round Arbroath, and is a landmark at sea. We had passed on one side of 'the Law Hill' on the road to Auchmithie, by Seaton, and now we are on the other side.

> On Dickmont Law the evening sun
> Sheds soft and golden sheen;
> The birds sing blithe in every bush,
> Sweet smells the meadow green.
>
> —*Alex. Balfour.*

Dickmont Law was a primitive seat of justice. It commands a magnificent view of the country all round. At its base, on the Montrose Road, is the village of Marywell (87), in the parish of St. Vigeans. Prior to the introduction of power-looms, there was a weaving shop attached to almost every dwelling-house in this village, as indeed was the case in most villages in Forfarshire. There is now but little handloom

weaving in the district, but Marywell is still a thriving little place. A short way beyond it is the house of Tarry-bank (88), the residence of Mr. James Crighton, verses from some of whose poems are quoted in the course of these Notes. Under the signature of 'One who has Whistled at the Plough,' Mr. Crighton, who has had large experience in farming and land management, has contributed to the local press 'Rural Notes' racy in style, and the result of the shrewd observations of a thoroughly well-informed man. Still farther on the road are the mansion-houses of Parkhill (Mr. Duncan) and Abbeythune (Miss Macgregor). Turning off the Montrose Road, we get to a hamlet bearing the suggestive name of Drunkendub (89)—an old-world sort of place, which had formerly a poetical blacksmith, and had also a school where for a time Mr. Donald, now Keeper of the Abbey, held sway as schoolmaster.

A hunder ell beyond the school,
  Which modern School Board now ignores,
The smiddy stood beside the pool
  Where drouthy oxen drank by scores.
There loud and lang the anvil rang,
  The red-nosed bellows snored and blew,
And Vulcan welded many a sang
  While fiery sparks around him flew.

—*James Crighton.*

'Drunkendub' is understood to have been derived from the drinking of cattle rather than of men, the 'dub' having been a pool at which drovers stopped to give the animals drink—probably also to take a drink themselves, elsewhere.

On the Lunan.

At Chapelton of Boysack there stood in the olden time one of the district chapels of the Abbey of Arbroath, and from which the village of Chapelton is named. It was the chapel of Quhitfield, or Whitefield, dedicated to the Virgin. The small churchyard which was attached to the chapel, enclosed, and surrounded by old trees, is the burial-place of the Lindsay-Carnegies of Boysack (90). There is a school at Chapelton, which has had two teachers, both of the name of Thomson, of more than parochial celebrity. One of them was James Thomson, author of 'The History of Dundee,' and the other was Andrew Thomson, who wrote a Rhyming Geography of Scotland. Kinblethmont, a name introduced in 'The Antiquary' as Kinblythemont, the residence of Mr. Lindsay-Carnegie, is not far from Chapelton. The house contains relics of the last of the Stuarts—a tartan coat, and a ring which Prince Charles Edward presented to Mr. Carnegie of Boysack, who was for a short time his secretary. Down the Lunan from Chapelton is Boysack Mill (91), one of a considerable number of mills on Lunan Water. It occupies a picturesque situation, and is well known to every angler in the district—the Lunan being a good trouting stream. Farther down the water is Lawton (Mr. Patrick Allan-Fraser).

Braikie Castle (92), in the parish of Kinnell, has been described by James Thomson, in his small book of 'Poems' published when he was residing at Chapelton:

> Like some stout veteran from afar,
> Marked with the scars of many a bloody war,

Lone, ivied Braikie rears its ancient head,
Majestic o'er the dark embowering shade;
Whilst down its pebbly channel, far below,
With many a curve, does Lunan gently flow.

Braikie, together with the barony of Kinnell, was granted by King Robert the Bruce to one of his companions-in-arms, Sir Simon Fraser, for gallant conduct in the field of Bannockburn. It afterwards passed into the possession of the Ogilvys, and was the property of the father of Marion Ogilvy, the morganatic wife of Cardinal Beaton.

A large majority of the parishes in Scotland, even thinly populated rural parishes, have at least two churches, and many of them have three or even more. Inverkeilor has two, the Parish Church and the Free Church. The Church of Inverkeilor (93) was dedicated to St. Macconoc; the parish derives its name from the Keilor burn. The church occupies a prominent position overlooking the valley of the Lunan. The present church, a plain edifice, was erected about a hundred and fifty years ago. Since then it has undergone many alterations, the latest of which were made in 1880, when the building was considerably improved. Three beautiful memorial windows were erected in 1882 by Dr. David A. Carnegie, a retired officer of the Indian Medical Service, to the memory of his father and mother, his uncle Alexander Carnegie, who was thirty years minister of Inverkeilor, and his grandfather John Carnegie, fifty years minister of Inverkeilor, and a brother of the latter, David Carnegie, who was sometime Deputy-Governor of Bombay. The church contains an elegant baptismal font, presented by Mrs. Lindsay-Carnegie on the occasion of her marriage. There is a memorial tablet to the memory of George, sixth

Earl of Northesk, Admiral of the White Squadron, who died in 1792. The burial vault of the Northesk family adjoins the church. A still older monumental slab in Inverkeilor Church, dated '3 Sept. 1631,' preserves the name and arms of the Durie family. It is interesting as showing, in its inscription, a good example of the practice of alliteration and punning on tombstones of that period: 'Qvod dvrvm est fractvm nec plvs dvrare videtvr Dvrevs at dvrat claraque fama viget' – thus translated: 'That which is Durable is broken, nor appears any longer to endure: but Durie still enDures, and flourishes with bright renown.' The monument seems to have been erected to Joshua Durie, minister of Inverkeilor in 1613, who was a son of Mr. John Durie, minister of Edinburgh.

Not far from the church and village of Inverkeilor is Old Chance Inn (94). This old inn and posting-house stood on the Great North Road, and was the half-way house between Arbroath and Montrose. On the present road being made, the old hostelry, being then off the line of traffic, ceased to be an inn, and was converted into a farm-house. It has long been disused as a dwelling-house, but it still forms part of the steading on Chance Inn farm. On the gable facing the road is a stone panel with a sculptured shield showing the arms of the family of Northesk, and the motto –a very good one for an inn– 'Non nobis solum nati sumus.' The Old Chance Inn is the scene of Thomas Watson's 'The Deil in Love,' a poem remarkable for its blending of weird and humorous effects.

Taking the road to the coast, and passing Anniston (Lieut.-Colonel Rait, C.B.), or going by rail from Inverkeilor, we again reach Lunan. It is only within the last few

years that a railway has been introduced into the district. The new line—the North British Arbroath and Montrose Railway—was opened for passenger traffic on 1st May 1883. It had been open for the carriage of goods for about two years previously. The parish of Lunan slopes gently to the sea from the north, where it is 400 feet above the sea level. One of its most picturesque features is Buckie Den, a deep ravine which is bridged by the railway. Lunan Church (95) is finely situated on the left bank of the Lunan, close to Lunan House (Lieut.-Colonel Blair-Imrie of Lunan). It is the small church of a small parish. The present building occupies the site of the pre-Reformation church. Walter Myln was priest or minister there, he who in 1558, in the eighty-third year of his age, was burned at the stake at St. Andrews, and was the last martyr of the Reformation period in Scotland. In the church there is a monument to the memory of Myln. A later minister, Alexander Peddie, who was Episcopalian minister at the Revolution, and was allowed to continue in office after the establishment of the Presbyterian Church, has been commemorated in the same way. A remarkable story, a romance of the peerage, is connected with two of the successive beadles of Lunan, father and son. The office of beadle in the parish was for a long time virtually hereditary in a family of the name of Gavin. It was held in 1720 by James Gavin, who showed hospitality to the skipper of a Dutch vessel which was in that year wrecked in Lunan Bay. The skipper married the beadle's daughter, and returned with his wife to Holland. Afterwards, the beadle's son Alexander succeeded to his father's office, and his son, David Gavin, became a partner in a commercial house in Holland, where he

married his cousin, the skipper's daughter. She died soon afterwards, and David Gavin, having amassed a fortune, returned to Scotland, where he bought the estate of Langton, in Berwickshire, and married in 1770, Lady Betty, daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale. By this marriage he had three daughters, one of whom became Marchioness of Breadalbane, mother of the late Marquis and of the Duchess of Buckingham. Alexander Gavin, the kirk-beadle of Lunan, was thus the father-in-law of an earl's daughter, the grandfather of a marchioness, and the great-grandfather of a marchioness and a duchess, whose family by her marriage with the Duke of Buckingham are the lineal descendants of a daughter of Henry II., and thus remote heirs to the British throne. Alexander Gavin and his wife, Elizabeth Jamieson, gifted to Lunan Church, in 1733, a brazen support for a baptismal font, a sandglass stand, and a bell, all inscribed with their names.

On an eminence to the north of Lunan House is an obelisk erected by his brother officers in memory of Brigadier James Blair, who died in 1847. Brigadier Blair was the father of Lieut.-Colonel Blair-Imrie, who succeeded to Lunan on the death of his grand-uncle in 1849, and assumed the name and arms of Imrie. The first Imrie of Lunan was William Imray, or Imrie, who bought the property in 1759. A somewhat romantic story is connected with the purchase. Imrie, who was the son of a farmer in Aberdeenshire, left home while quite a youth, and walked along the coast road until he reached Redcastle. Having mounted the hill on which the ruin stands he lay down, fell asleep, and dreamt he was laird of Lunan. He went to England, sailed several times to India, married a woman

with money, and became the owner of a hotel in the Strand, London, which was a favourite resort of the Forfarshire lairds of the time. Having become rich in London, William Imrie returned to Scotland, and realised the dream of his youth by purchasing Lunan. His children died in infancy, and the estate passed to the descendants of his sister. The facts of the origin of the connection of the Imrie family with Lunan were communicated by Colonel Blair-Imrie to the late Mr. Jervise, who has told the story in his 'Epitaphs and Inscriptions.'

Grange of Conan.

Mention has been made *(supra,* p. 26) of the tradition that Grange of Conan was the first locality of the mission to which the name of St. Vigian has been attached. The site of the Saint's Chapel (96) is there, in the parish of St. Vigeans. Nothing of this chapel or cell remains except the foundation. The walls were taken down in 1725, and the materials were built into the dovecot shown in the picture. The house at Grange of Conan appearing in the next picture, the birthplace of Dr. Alexander Brown (97), has been demolished since the etching was made. Dr. Brown's ancestors for four generations had resided there. He was born on the 8th of February 1814. Since his youth he has been a citizen of Arbroath, to which he has done honour and service by his devotion to the sciences of meteorology and astronomy. In 1870 he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of St. Andrews, and in 1884 a handsome testimonial was presented to him by his fellow-citizens. From

Grange of Conan a fine view is obtained down the valley of the Lunan, from Hatton Mill to Redcastle.

Colliston.

Colliston Castle (98), the seat of Mr. J. H. A. Peebles-Chaplin, is an interesting building. Colliston was one of the residences of Cardinal Beaton while he held the abbacy of Aberbrothock, and the older portion of the house is believed to have been built by him. Near the Castle is the village of Colliston (99), with a *quoad sacra* parish church, a Free Church, and a public school.

Kinnell, Leysmill, and Friockheim.

The Church of Kinnell (100) is situated in a district a large part of which was anciently a royal forest—Monrommon Moor. The forest extended into the parishes of Kinnell, Guthrie, and Farnell. The last royal hunt at Monrommon took place when in 1617 James VI. visited Angus. The land is now, and has been for long, almost all under cultivation, and in private ownership. The present church of Kinnell is modern, but it contains an interesting relic of antiquity. The battle of Arbroath, begun at the gate of Arbroath Abbey on Sunday, 23rd January 1445, was, after the Ogilvys had been driven away from the Abbey, resumed at the Leys, near the modern village of Leysmill, where the Ogilvys were again defeated, and their leader, the Laird of Inverquharity, slain. He was buried

in the old church of Kinnell, in what was called the 'Ogilvy Aisle,' on which there was this inscription :

> While girss grows green and water rins clear,
> Let nane but Ogilvys lie here.

The ground on which the Ogilvy aisle stood was opened about twenty years ago, when the remains of a man of gigantic size, according with the description given of Inverquharity, were found. Ogilvy's boots and spur long hung in the church aisle. The boots, much decayed, are said to have been there until about the beginning of the present century. The spur has been preserved, and it is fixed in the vestibule of the present church.

A story of a different character is connected with the church of Kinnell, and is finely told by the late Miss Stirling-Graham of Duntrune, in her book 'Mystifications.' Mr. George Cruickshank, who had previously been first schoolmaster and then minister of Arbroath, became minister of Kinnell in 1748, and died there of asthma six years afterwards. He left three orphan children — two sons and a daughter. The children were taken care of by his domestic servant, Margaret Matthew, who, removing with them from the pleasant manse of Kinnell to an attic in Marketgate of Arbroath, brought them up so well, and with such self-denial on her part, that the sons attained to honourable positions in the West Indies and Montreal respectively, and their sister married Mr. Haldane, a manufacturer in Haddington.

> Her strength was small, her heart was large,
> Flesh weak, but spirit strong ;
> And well she strove her sapling charge
> To guard from want and wrong.

Thus, in a poem on the theme, does David Young, Smediton, allude to the noble work done by 'Meg Matthew,' an interesting reminiscence of whom is given by Miss Stirling-Graham in her charming book.

Leysmill (101), a station on the Caledonian Railway, and shown in the picture from the station, is in the parish of Inverkeilor. The pavement quarries here were managed at one time by Mr. James Hunter, who died in 1859, and who was the inventor of machines for cutting and dressing stones which have been of much use in quarries and building works. Mr. Hunter's inventive talent was early recognised and encouraged by the late Mr. William Fullarton Lindsay-Carnegie of Boysack, one of the most public-spirited men of his time in this part of the country. 'At Friockheim' (102) shows us as the prominent object in the picture the Parish Church. It is one of three churches in the village, and, as it appears here, is in the poorest style of modern ecclesiastical architecture; but since the drawing was made the church has been considerably improved, both externally and internally. Friockheim is a *quoad sacra* parish. The village is situated in the civil parish of Kirkden. It is a feu from the estate of Middleton, and was founded by Mr. John Andson, Provost of Arbroath in 1811, and who died in office in 1814. 'Friock' is an old local name, and the place was at first called 'Friock Feus.' It was Mr. Andson's son, John Andson, who added the German termination of 'heim' to the original name, and also gave a great stimulus to feuing in the village. The mansion-house of Middleton (Mr. Bruce Gardyne) is near Friockheim.

Guthrie and Kirkden.

The Church of Guthrie (103) is about half a mile to the north of Guthrie Junction on the Caledonian Railway. The parish is small, and the church is correspondingly small, but it was formerly a collegiate church, with a Provost and three prebendaries. It was in 1457 that it was erected into a collegiate church, by Sir David Guthrie. The church lost that rank at the Reformation, but for a considerable time afterwards the ministers of Guthrie continued to bear the title of 'Provost,' which subsequently descended to an 'arch beadle,' and has been altogether extinct for about a century. Guthrie Castle (104), the older portion of which is shown in the etching, has for centuries been the residence of the family of Guthrie of Guthrie, one of the most ancient and honourable in Angus. Alexander Herald, who died in Arbroath in 1865, was the author of 'Amusements of Solitude,' a small volume of poems, one of which has Guthrie Castle for its theme:

> The Lunan murmurs on its soothing voice,
> The daisied lawn still glints to Nature's smile,
> And from the woodland feather'd tribes rejoice,
> When morning dawns and evening quits her toil.

In the neighbourhood of Guthrie is Pitmuis (Mr. Leonard Lyell), where within the grounds surrounding the mansion-house there is one of those ancient sculptured stones which are of frequent occurrence in Angus.

Gardyne Castle (105) is the picturesquely situated residence of Mr. Alexander Lyell of Gardyne. The

castle is on the western bank of the Denton burn, a tributary of the Vinney, and it overlooks a beautifully wooded 'den,' or ravine. Vinney Den (106), as well appears from the etching, is another charming bit of woodland scenery. It has been celebrated by poets, one of whom, James Smith of Forfar ('Vinney'), sings its praises in his song of 'Mary High':

> Sweet Vinney Den, where daisies spring
> Bright as the god of day,
> And lovely roses wanton wave
> In summer's proud array.

Kirkden (107), the mother church of Friockheim, is finely situated amidst trees. The parish was formerly called Idvies; that is still the name of an estate in it belonging to John C. Brodie, C.B. In the picture there is seen the village of Letham, situated in the parish of Dunnichen. The village was founded in 1788 by Mr. George Dempster of Dunnichen, who was Member of Parliament for the Forfar and Fife district of burghs, and is celebrated by Burns in the line:

> 'A title—Dempster merits it.'

All the valley of the Lunan and its tributaries, from the source of the main stream in the Moss of Restennet, near Forfar, to the sea, is rich in historical associations as well as in natural beauty—a beauty which is enhanced by the high cultivation of the lands, and by the numerous comfortable homesteads, from noblemen's seats to the dwellings of the peasantry, with which the smiling landscape is dotted over. We now leave this eastern part of the

country about Arbroath, and return westward to a district not less interesting or picturesquely attractive.

The Elliot.

We had already gone as far west on the Dundee Road as Elliot Bridge and Wormyhills, on the coast. Taking the inland road by Viewfield (Dr. John Traill), and the old hamlet of Timbergreen, with Bloomfield (Mr. Alexander Balfour), in view, we come to Arbirlot (108), situated at the head of Kelly Den, about three miles from Arbroath. The picture shows the entrance to the village. The church the spire of which is seen among the trees is the Free Church, of which the Rev. John Kirk, father of Sir John Kirk, British Consul at Zanzibar, was the first minister. It stands near the Parish Church (109), and both are beautifully situated on the left bank of the Elliot. The churchyard contains the last resting-place of David Carey, the poet and novelist; his brother, George G. Carey, who was the author of astronomical and other scientific works; and their parents, with other members of the family. In the poem of 'Macbeth' there is a description of the sweetly rural village of Arbirlot:

> The vale below,
> Through which their steps must pass, with spreading trees
> And fertile pasture smiled; a purling stream
> Ran deviously along, then disappeared
> Below the blossoms of the yellow broom;
> And on the summit of a verdant knoll,
> Around whose foot the winding streamlet ran,

> The scattered cots, in rudest order ranged
> Below the umbrageous ash, full sweetly stood:
> The prattling children chased the village dog;
> And all around gay images were spread
> Of tranquil life, and rural joy, and love.

The name of the village and parish of Arbirlot is contracted from 'Aber-ellot.' 'Ellot' is the old form of the name of the Elliot. Arbirlot was the site of a Culdee abbey. When the old church, the immediate predecessor of the present Parish Church, was taken down in 1832, there was found beneath it an ancient monument, now preserved in the Manse garden. It is described by Dr. Stuart ('Sculptured Stones of Scotland') as a very early example of the sculpture on stone of a book representing the Gospels, and from the fact of there being two crosses on it the stone may have been a memorial of two ecclesiastics. The church of Arbirlot was dedicated to St. Ninian, a missionary to the Southern Picts. Arbirlot was one of forty-six parish churches which belonged to the Abbey of Aberbrothock, and the church was in its possession when the abbacy was secularised. Its second minister, after the Reformation, was George Gladstanes, who became Archbishop of St. Andrews, and was succeeded by a staunch Presbyterian, David Black. Since then, the most eminent minister of the parish has been Dr. Thomas Guthrie, who was ordained there on 30th May 1830, and was translated to Edinburgh in 1837. It was in Dr. Guthrie's time that the present church was built, and also the manse. Previously the manse had stood in the village. The site of the new manse, on the height across the Elliot, was selected by Dr. Guthrie as commanding a view of the sea,

of which—a native of the inland town of Brechin—he was passionately fond, and which supplied him with many of the abundant illustrations which he introduced in his eloquent sermons. The trees about the Manse of Arbirlot are of Dr. Guthrie's planting. 'He planted,' as is stated in his 'Memoir' by his sons, 'a thousand young trees around his new manse, and in after visits to Arbirlot he noted their progress with the greatest interest.'

Kelly Den has received much attention from geologists, and, among others, from Hugh Miller, who has given an interesting account of it in his 'Old Red Sandstone,' introducing a notice of the rock formation at Arbirlot Bridge (110): 'The rock appears in the course of the Elliot, a few hundred yards above the pastoral village of Arbirlot. We find it uptilted on a mass of claystone amygdaloid, that has here raised its broad back to the surface amid the middle shales and sandstones of the system. The stream runs over the intruded mass; and where the latter terminates, and the sandstones lean against it, the waters leap from the harder to the softer rock, immediately beside the quiet parish burying-ground, in a cascade of some eight or ten feet.' The sylvan beauty of Kelly Den has inspired the poets, as its rocks have attracted the attention of the geologists:

The rose may flaunt its gaudy heid,
And scent the summer air;
Or flowers that vie the rainbow tints
May deck the garden fair;
And broader streams rin swift an' strong
Ower rock or heath-clad glen;
But Nature's sel' wi' jewels adorned
The braes o' Kelly Den.

—*Andrew B. Taylor.*

The spot at which the view of Kelly Den (111) is taken is at the wooden bridge which spans the Elliot at Kelly Castle (112). The Castle is situated on a rocky eminence on the west bank of the water, about a mile below the church and village of Arbirlot. It is a good specimen of the old Scottish baronial tower. The date of its erection is unknown. The lands of Kelly belonged at one time to the family which became royal in Scotland. They were possessed by Walter, the Lord High Steward, son-in-law of King Robert the Bruce. About the middle of the fifteenth century they were acquired by the Ouchterlonys, and for a time they were called by their name. It is supposed that while the Ouchterlonys held the barony the Castle was built. In 1614 Sir William Ouchterlony sold Kelly to Sir William Irvine of Drum, in Aberdeenshire, and in 1679 it was purchased from Alexander Irvine of Drum by George, Earl of Panmure, in whose family it has since remained. The Earl's brother, Harry Maule, had a conveyance of the barony of Kelly to himself, including Arbirlot and Cuthlie. It was he, with his son James, who planted the woods of Kelly, about the year 1724. He lived at Kelly, and spent much of the later years of his life in efforts to recover the family honours and estates, forfeited by the complicity of Earl James in the rebellion of 1715. He compiled the records of his family, which, edited by the late Dr. John Stuart, were privately printed by the late Fox Maule, Baron Panmure and Earl of Dalhousie. Kelly Castle, which had long been in a partly ruinous state, was in 1864 completely restored, and has since then been an inhabited house, the property of the Earl of Dalhousie, the representative of the old

family of the Maules of Panmure. The Castle, as well as the Den, has had its poets, and one of them, Alexander M. Soutar, gives scope to his Muse in describing a summer walk about Kelly:

> Earth, arrayed in summer verdure,
> Pleasure offers unto all;
> Let us roam by Kelly Castle,
> While the evening shadows fall.
> Through the foliage of the beeches,
> See yon slanting sunbeam stray—
> Play around the antique structure,
> Lighten up the turrets gray.

Mr. Soutar, who is a native of Muirdrum, published a volume of poems at Dundee in 1880. Muirdrum (113) is a hamlet in the parish of Panbride, situated on the Dundee road. A picturesque bit of it is presented in the etching. The village is smaller than it once was:

> The dear old homes are getting few,
> Time rolling on great changes brings;
> Yet still, as in the days of yore,
> Around each cot the ivy clings.

The lines are from one of Mr. Soutar's local poems.

Carmylie.

Above Arbirlot and Kelly Den, the Elliot meanders through Cuthlie Den, which it reaches from the Den of Guynd. Near Guynd is the Black Den, where, as says tradition, a Pictish king lost his crown in battle or in

flight. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, according to a statement in the Old Statistical Account of the parish of Arbirlot, a labourer found a golden crown in the Black Den. The story is circumstantial. The labourer sold part of the crown for £20 Scots, and sent the rest of it to London to ascertain its value, but without getting any value in return. The estate of Guynd was long possessed by the family of Ouchterlony, who had previously possessed Kelly, and who purchased Guynd from the Strachans of Carmylie about the year 1614. It was one of these lairds of Guynd, John Ouchterlony, who, about the year 1685, wrote the interesting 'Account of the Shire of Forfar.' The last laird of the name, and the last male descendant of the Ouchterlonys of that Ilk, died unmarried on 29th November 1843. The grounds of Guynd are well planted. They show good taste in landscape gardening, and comprise a pretty artificial lake (114), supplied with water from the Milton burn:

> Ye feathered minstrels of the woods,
> Ye heaven-sent poets of the air,
> Your songs seem sweeter here, methinks;
> Ye too must love this spot so fair.
>
> —*David Carnegie.*

Within the grounds of The Guynd there is a small structure, 'The Temple,' of Grecian architecture. It was erected in 1853, and it contains some lines by the last of the Ouchterlonys of Guynd, which seem to imply that he had intended to be buried where the Temple stands: he was, however, interred in the old churchyard of Montrose. The lines read thus:

> In this lone spot, by mortal seldom trod,
> The dust is laid, the spirit fled to God,

Of him who reared these woods, these cultured plains
With verdure clothed, or stored with golden grains;
O'er these paternal scenes, by time defaced,
Bade yonder mansion rise in simple taste;
And, deeming naught his own which Heaven bestowed,
Diffused its blessings as a debt he owed.
O empty record! what avails thee now?
Thy anxious days, thy labour-warmèd brow;
See where man's little works himself survive,—
How short his life who bade these forests live.
While they shall rear their ample boughs on high
Through distant ages, and while o'er them sigh
Eve's murmuring breezes, to the thoughtful say—
Like his, so pass thy fleeting span away.

A few yards from the Temple there is a block of Peterhead granite, polished, and thus inscribed: 'James Alexander Pierson, the twenty-first Laird of The Guynd, died at The Guynd, August 9th, 1873. Son of James Pierson and Margaret Ouchterlony. Succeeded his mother in 1849. To his most dear memory this stone is placed here, in faith and hope, by his wife, Elizabeth Townsend, second daughter of James Murray Grant, twelfth Laird of Glenmoriston.' Mr. Pierson, who was a nephew of Mr. Ouchterlony, was representative of the family of Pierson of Balmadies. He was buried at Balmadies. The estate of The Guynd is possessed by his widow.

The wooded and ornamental grounds of The Guynd contrast with the generally bare landscapes of Carmylie. The parish occupies high ground towards the eastern declivity of the Sidlaw Hills, and from its generally bleak character it has locally obtained the name of 'Cauld Carmylie.' It produces good crops, however, and possesses an important source of wealth in its pavement

quarries. Carmylie was not erected into a separate parish until the year 1609. About 1510 David Strachan of Carmylie built a chapel which he dedicated to the Virgin, and, continuing to be a place of worship after the Reformation, it became the Parish Church (115). Some of the older work of the present structure is supposed to be part of the chapel which was erected by David Strachan. The best known of the ministers of Carmylie was Dr. Patrick Bell, the inventor of the reaping machine, who died on 22nd April 1869. Shortly before his death he was publicly presented with a testimonial, which included the gift of £1000, in recognition of the great value of his invention to agriculture. In the churchyard there is a monument to David Kydd, farmer, Newton, who died 1782, aged 63 years, and his wife, Barbara Morgan, who died 1804, aged 88 years. The inscription is interesting as showing a long possession of land, and also a spirit of contentment with one's lot:

Let marble monuments record
Their fame who distant lands explore,
This humble stone points out the place
Where sleeps a virtuous, ancient race.
Their sire possess'd ye neighbouring plain
Before Columbus cross'd the main;
And tho' ye world may deem it strange,
His son, contented, seeks no change,
Convinc'd, wherever man may roam,
He travels only to the tomb.

The lands of Carnegie are situated to the west of the parish church. It is from these lands that the Earls of Southesk and Northesk, with their kinsmen, near and

remote, derive their family name. They were acquired by John of Balindard, about 1320, from Sir Walter Maule of Panmure, in exchange for those of Balindard, in Arbirlot. On acquiring the barony of Carnegie, the laird of Balindard assumed its name as his surname. The lands of Carnegie now belong to the Earl of Dalhousie, a descendant of the Sir Walter Maule who parted with them to the ancestor of the Carnegies. As to Balindard—still, in the form of 'Bonhard,' a local name—the present Earl of Southesk revived the connection of his family with it by adopting it as his title in the British peerage, on that honour being conferred upon him in 1869.

The pavement quarries of Carmylie (116), one of the chief industries of the parish, are the most extensive in Forfarshire. The quarries have been worked for centuries, but only since about the beginning of the present century on a very large scale. Their produce, with that of other quarries in the district of Arbroath, is known in commerce as 'Arbroath pavement.' The formation is fossiliferous, and the Museum at Arbroath contains a remarkably fine specimen of the Pterygotus from the quarries of Carmylie.

Two natives of Carmylie may be mentioned here, from their connection with scientific investigations. One was the Rev. Dr. Small, minister of the parish of Dundee, who died in 1808. Dr. Small was the son of the Rev. James Small, minister of Carmylie. He published in 1804 an Account of the Astronomical Discoveries of Kepler, and it is the first succinct statement of the discoveries of the great astronomer. The other was James Bowman Lindsay, who was born on 8th September 1799. Mr. Lindsay was a most ingenious man. While following the occupation of

a handloom weaver in early life, he qualified by private study for entering the University of St. Andrews. There he went through the whole of the curriculum required for the ministry of the Church of Scotland; but shrinking from entering the Church he turned his attention to scientific and philological research, supporting himself, and obtaining means to carry on his scientific studies, off a small salary which he received from an appointment which he held as teacher in the prison of Dundee. He published in 1858 a work which he called 'The Chrono-astrolabe,' being an attempt to determine chronology by the records of eclipses. Mr. Lindsay was one of the first to turn attention to the electric telegraph and the electric light. He exhibited the electric light in the course of a lecture which he delivered at Dundee on 15th January 1836; and in 1845, while as yet the thing was regarded as utopian, or little more, he suggested the possibility of uniting Europe and America by means of the electric telegraph. In 1854 he took out a patent for an invention which was to establish electrical communication without wires, and in the same year he carried on at Portsmouth some experiments which were intended to demonstrate the practicability of his scheme. For many years he gave much time to the preparation of a 'Pentecontaglossal Dictionary'—a dictionary of fifty different languages, which was incomplete at the time of his death, and has not been published. For the last four years of his life Mr. Lindsay had a pension of £100 a-year, granted to him by Her Majesty on the recommendation of the late Earl of Derby. He died on 29th June 1862. Mr. Lindsay was a man of extremely retiring habits—simple-minded as well as erudite, and of unaffected piety.

Panbride and Barry.

We begin this concluding section of these Notes with a reference to the etching of one of 'the Ha'ens'—Westhaven (117). The other is Easthaven. Easthaven, which is chiefly a fishing village, is a very old place. About two centuries ago it was sometimes called Maule's Haven, and it is so named in Edward's Map of the County of Angus, 1678; but the old name is Easthaven, and it has prevailed. By a charter granted by James VI., dated 7th March 1610, the village was erected into a burgh of barony, but, if ever it did, it does not now possess any of the characteristics of a burgh. Formerly, however, before the decline of the rural population, and when, before the time of railways, it was a favourite holiday resort of Arbroath people, Easthaven was a place of more importance than it is now. It is, however, a station on the Dundee and Arbroath Railway.

Westhaven, a little farther along the coast, is now a part —the eastern limit—of the modern village of Carnoustie. The western limit is well into the parish of Barry, the most westerly, as Inverkeilor is the most easterly parish in the district of the Presbytery of Arbroath. In the picture of the Parish Church of Barry (118) the building shown with a small spire is the old schoolhouse—not now used as a school, and the cottage between it and the church was the schoolmaster's house. Barry is an ancient seat of population. Its church was one of those that were possessed by the Abbey of Aberbrothock, but it had ceased to belong to it previous to the Reformation. Barry has an older history than that

of its connection with the Abbey. Many ancient graves have from time to time been discovered in the district of Barry and Carnoustie, with some implements of war, and graves and weapons have been connected in popular belief with conflicts between the Scots and the Danes, especially the great battle which was fought on these links in the reign of Malcolm II. The earliest historian of this battle is Hector Boece, the first Principal of the University of Aberdeen, who is said to have been a native of Panbride, and to have inherited its barony from his ancestors; but the town of Dundee also is claimed as his birthplace. The battle of Barry was fought in the year 1010. The Scots were under the command of their King, and Camus was the General of the Danish army. The story of the battle is that the Danes, having sailed into the Firth of Forth, and having there been prevented by the vigilance of the inhabitants on the shores of Fife and the Lothians from effecting a landing, sailed down the Firth again, and made for the Redhead, landing in Lunan Bay. Crossing the country to Panbride, in attempting to reach the centre of Scotland, they burned houses and churches on the way and plundered the people. At Panbride, where he pitched his tents, the Danish commander learned that the Scots' King was encamped at Barry, two miles distant. Next day the two armies met in battle, and fought until the Danes were overthrown. A small stream, the Lochty, which drains the battlefield, is said by tradition to have run with the blood of the combatants, the tradition being preserved in an old local rhyme:

> Lochty, Lochty, is red, red, red,
> For it has run three days wi' bluid.

The Danes fled towards the neighbouring Downie Hills, with the object of getting into the interior of the country, and on to Moray, where they had occupied the country; but they were cut off.

Northward the Danes now flee before
A force they dare not face;
Through Downie Moss, up Downie Brae,
The sturdy Scots give chase.

The hill-top gained, the Raven's raised
Again to face the foe;
But feeble all its efforts now
To ward the final blow.

—*Alex. M. Soutar.*

Camus, according to the tradition, was slain on the hills, and was buried at Camuston, a local name supposed to have been derived from him. The remarkable sculptured stone called the Camuston Cross, which stands here, has for centuries been supposed to have been erected over his grave—a supposition which is at least open to question.

The name of Carnoustie has been connected with this battle, the name, according to this view, being derived from 'Cairn o' the host'—some primitive monument of the Scots' victory over the Danes. Carnoustie is the name of an estate. It is still better known now as that of a large village, the population of which numbered 3,348 at the census of 1881. The village was commenced towards the close of last century by Thomas Lowson, who feued from the then proprietor of the estate of Carnoustie, Major Philips, a piece of land on which to erect a dwelling-house for himself. The village, which also has linen-works and other industries, partakes largely of the character of a watering-place. It is finely

situated on the links which extend from Arbroath to Broughty Castle, and which, although broken in upon by cultivation and feuing, still show miles upon miles of flats and hillocks of sand bordering the sea and the estuary of the Tay, covered with a strong crop of bent, and, at Carnoustie, with rich grasses. There is a good bathing-beach in front of the village, and the links form an admirable golfing course—an old Scottish pastime which is here much practised. All the surroundings of this theatre of ancient war are pleasant, and the place is much resorted to, especially in the summer and autumn months, by the people of Dundee, Perth, and other towns. Indeed, many persons engaged in business in Dundee make Carnoustie their permanent residence. The amenity of the place has been much increased of late years by the introduction of a system of drainage, and, in 1881, of a water-supply derived chiefly from springs at Brax. Pleasant as are the surroundings of Carnoustie, its situation on the coast makes it of course not unfamiliar at times with storms. Mr. Thomas Gray, formerly schoolmaster at Carnoustie and now head-master of one of the public schools of Glasgow, has given expression to this aspect of the place in a poem entitled 'The Moaning of the Tay':

A maiden, in the blush of spring,
Stood weeping by the sea:
'Away, ye raging waves, and bring
My lover back to me.
They tell me he will soon be here,
And bid my heart be gay;
But can they banish from my ear
The moaning of the Tay?'
. . . . . .

A form came drifting to her feet
That chilled her to despair,—
The white foam for his winding-sheet,
The sea-weed in his hair.
She fondly clasped him to her breast,
Then sank beside his clay,
No more to hear, in love's unrest,
The moaning of the Tay.

Such sad scenes have been more rare than they once were, since the lighting of the river was improved by the stationing of a lightship at its entrance, a few years ago.

Thomas Lowson lived to see the village which he had founded attain to much of its prosperity. He survived until 2nd April 1856, dying in his ninety-second year, and he was buried in the churchyard of Barry. There are several churches in Carnoustie. The oldest of them is the Parish Church (119), the larger part of Carnoustie being a *quoad sacra* parish, situated within the civil parish of Barry. The church, which has recently undergone considerable improvements, was erected about fifty years ago. Dr. Chalmers, addressing a public meeting in Arbroath in 1839, mentioned that a working weaver had contributed so much as £100 to the building fund of Carnoustie Church — a remarkable example of the zeal for church extension in Scotland at the time, which that great man had himself done so much to promote. Besides the church, the picture shows the Manse of the parish minister and the Public School.

The present Church of Panbride (120) is more modern than Carnoustie Parish Church, having been erected in 1851 by the late William, Lord Panmure, the sole heritor of the parish. But Panbride is a very old ecclesiastical seat.

The church was dedicated to St. Bridget or St. Bride, and the kirk town, or village, was formerly called St. Bride. Buchanan, in his 'History of Scotland,' gives it the name of 'Balbridum,' or the town or village of St. Bride, which would make 'Pan' a corruption of 'Bal,' Gaelic for town or village. The church of Panbride belonged to the Abbey of Aberbrothock, and it was possessed by the Abbey at the time of the secularisation of the abbacy. After the Reformation, the church was supplied, from 1567 to 1580, by a reader of the name of Robert Mawle, probably of the family of Maule of Panmure. Patrick Maule, of the same family, was admitted minister in 1680, at which time the patronage of the church was in the hands of the Earl of Panmure, whose family succeeded to it and to the patronage of other churches in the district when they acquired the abbacy. Mr. Maule, like the head of his family, was a supporter of the Stuarts. After the suppression of the rebellion of 1715 16 he deserted his charge, and was ultimately deposed for praying for the Jacobite Prince as King. His successor, in 1717, was Robert Trail, whose son Robert and grandson David afterwards successively filled the charge, the latter being the immediate predecessor of the present minister, the Rev. James Cæsar, who was inducted in 1851. The churchyard contains a monument to the Trail family, one of whom, James, a son of the first of the name who was minister of Panbride, was Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland. An elder brother of the late Dr. David Trail, minister of Panbride, was Archdeacon of Down. The present church of Panbride is a more handsome building than country churches in Scotland usually are. Adjoining the church is the burial vault

of the Panmure family. Colonel Lauderdale Maule, of the 79th Regiment, the second son of Lord Panmure, was buried there. He died in the Crimea, where he was on service during the war with Russia. A marble tablet, sent from Italy by Prince Demidoff as a tribute of respect to his memory, was erected in the church in July 1859. Colonel Maule's elder brother, Fox Maule, Earl of Dalhousie, who as the second Lord Panmure was Secretary for War during the latter half of the Crimean campaign, is the last of the family who has been buried at Panbride. The Earl of Dalhousie was a man of much force of character. He was an interesting public speaker, and he possessed not a little administrative ability. For many years he was Lord-Lieutenant of Forfarshire and the leading man in the county. It is the building at the end of the church, as seen in the picture, which is the Panmure burial vault. In the south wall, the one seen here, are fastened the *jougs*—an iron collar—suspended by a chain, which had occupied a similar position on the external wall of the predecessor of the present church—a relic of a style of ecclesiastical discipline which has long since passed away. The author of the poem of 'Macbeth' has described the scenery of Panbride, contrasting it with what may be supposed to have been the appearance of the landscape at the time of the incidents of the poem :

> Where Danish tents then stood, entrenched around,
> The conic piles of corn now raise their heads,
> And quiet cot of cheerful husbandman :
> And now the busy mill, in den below,
> Unlooked for, fills the mind with peaceful thoughts.
>
> . . . . . .

> The country round
> Smiles 'neath the active hand of busy man;
> Instead of dark brown heath, or marshy pool,
> Or forest shade impervious to the ray
> Of genial sun, the varied verdure now
> Of waving wheat, of rye, and rustling oats,
> Delights the errant eye.

The lines, as descriptive of a pleasant-looking landscape, are strictly applicable.

Our next picture is of 'The Old Gate of Panmure' (121), one of the accesses to Panmure House. James, the last Earl of Panmure, fought for the Stuarts in the battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715, and having been wounded and taken prisoner was put into a cottage under a guard of six dragoons. From this situation he was gallantly rescued by his brother, Mr. Harry Maule, who had been engaged in the same battle; and soon afterwards the 'Old Pretender,' who had landed at Peterhead from France, after the battle, was his guest at Brechin Castle. It was only three weeks after that when the rebel army at Perth, under the command of the Earl of Mar, Lord Panmure's nephew, broke up, the Prince, with a portion of his followers, retreating by way of Dundee and Arbroath to Montrose. Accompanied by the Earls of Panmure and Mar, with others of his principal adherents, he on 3rd February 1716 embarked at Montrose for France, and a passage or entry which he had to go through before reaching the ship still exists. On leaving Panmure for the last time, its unfortunate owner, whose devotion to the Stuart cause was of the most chivalrous character, is said by tradition to have parted from his wife, Margaret, Countess of Panmure, on a spot in the neighbourhood which bears the

name of Margaret's Mount. He passed out from his home by the 'Old Gate,' and the gate is not known to have been ever opened since then :

There 's an old iron Gate at Panmure,
And only by age it wears,
As it hath not turned on its hinges
For a hundred and fifty years.

And there by the Gate of Departure,
Where the grass is soft and green,
I look on the old beaten roadway
Through the years that intervene.

The last of the Earls of Panmure
Rides forth with a scanty train,
And the Gate will never be opened
Till he comes to his own again.

—*Thos. Watson.*

The Earl never came to his own. He was an exile in France for the rest of his life, dying in Paris on 22nd April 1723. His wife had a long lease of Panmure House from the York Buildings Company, who had bought the estates. In 1764 the estates were bought back from the Company by the forfeited Earl's nephew, William, surviving son of Harry Maule. William Maule had in 1743 received an Irish peerage, under the title of Earl Panmure, and for some time he represented Forfarshire in Parliament. He died unmarried in 1782, and the Panmure estates then passed to the Dalhousie family through the marriage of his eldest sister, Jean Maule, to George, Lord Ramsay, the eldest son of the fifth Earl of Dalhousie, in 1726. On the death of the eighth Earl of Dalhousie, in 1787, the

Panmure estates became vested, in terms of deeds of entail, in his second son, the Hon. William Ramsay, who assumed the name and arms of Maule of Panmure, and who in 1831 was raised to the British Peerage by the title of Baron Panmure of Brechin and Navar. This title descended to his son, Fox Maule, Earl of Dalhousie, and on his death it became extinct. Earl James, the last of the Earls of Panmure, was the theme of a eulogistic poem printed in 1723, and entitled 'The Illustrious Loyalist: a Poem sacred to the memory of that eminent Scottish Patriot, the Right Honourable James, Earl of Panmure, Lord of Brechin, &c.' The writer thus concludes his panegyric:

> An ample fortune he disdained to save,
> Pilgrim to turn, and seek a foreign grave.
> Forbid it, Heaven, his ashes lie abroad!
> They're hallow'd relics of a demi-god!
> Let not such dust in foreign soil abide:
> Send them, O Royal James, to his Panbride;
> And when we, weeping, do his ashes view,
> We'll say he's buried, and his country too.

It was George, second Earl of Panmure, the father of the forfeited Earl, who built the House of Panmure (122). His epitaph was written, in verse, by Charles, Earl of Aboyne, who in it thus summed up the much of good he had to say of him:

> His word was sacred as ane oath,
> He loved his friend and country both.

Panmure House was built near the ancient Castle of Panmure, then going to ruins, some fragments of which still

remain. The Castle occupied a strong position overlooking the den through which the burn of Panmure flows, and it was a scene of conflict during the War of Independence. The erection of Panmure House was begun about the year 1666. Its first builder was a man of note in his craft, John Milne, master mason to the king; and when he died, the work was taken up by his successor in that office, Alexander Nisbet. Since its completion the building has undergone alterations from time to time. The latest of these, which included considerable additions, were undertaken by Fox Maule, Earl of Dalhousie, soon after his succession to the estates and the title of Baron Panmure in 1852. The alterations and additions then made were from designs by David Bryce, R.S.A. The house as it stands is a stately building, its rooms adorned with many fine old family portraits, and it is surrounded by noble woods and gardens.

On the highest point of the Downie hills, at Monikie, fully a mile from Panmure House, stands the 'Panmure Testimonial,' sometimes called the 'Live-and-let-live Monument' (123). It was erected in 1839 in honour of William, the first Baron Panmure, by his tenantry, 'to perpetuate the memory of a nobleman who through a long life has made the interests and comfort of his tenantry his sole and unwearied object.' Lord Panmure was indeed a good landlord. He was a man of much public spirit, and during the time of the first Reform Bill agitation he took a zealous interest in the success of that measure. Of kindly nature, he was a patron of not a few persons, distinguished in one way or another, among them being Howe, the animal painter, and Neil Gow, the fiddler. Not the

least of his claims to more than a local remembrance is his having granted a liberal annuity to the widow and family of Robert Burns, continuing it for many years — indeed until the sons of the poet requested its withdrawal, they having grown up, and the circumstances of the family having changed for the better. Among other acts of munificence of this warm-hearted man was his generous recognition of the heroism of Grace Darling, in saving a part of the shipwrecked crew of the Forfarshire. It was long customary for the tenantry on the estates of Lord Panmure to celebrate his birthday by dining together, and for one of these occasions, in 1847, when there was an assembly of that kind in Brechin, a poem by the late Andrew Jervise was publicly recited. Mr. Jervise was a distinguished local archæologist, author of 'The Land of the Lindsays,' 'Memorials of Angus and the Mearns,' and 'Epitaphs and Inscriptions from Burial-Grounds and Old Buildings in the North-East of Scotland.' He died at Dundee on 12th April 1878, and was interred in the New Cemetery, Brechin. Mr. Jervise was rather a collector of poetry than a poet himself, but his 'Poetical Eulogium on the Right Hon. Lord Panmure,' from which the following lines are taken, expresses the feelings of regard with which that nobleman inspired many, and of which the monument on the Downie hills is also a genuine expression:

> Ah yes! Panmure, by thee is kept awake
> Full many a hearth, in town and mountain brake,
> Which many a soul, but for thy friendly hand,
> Had left, and died upon some foreign strand,
> Where friends they'd none, where kindred never slept,
> And o'er whose grave a mourner ne'er had wept.

The quadrangular structure which forms the lower part of the Panmure Monument contains an inscribed marble tablet, setting forth the purpose of the erection, with a bust of Lord Panmure by Mr. (now Sir) John Steell, of Edinburgh. The pillar of the Monument rises to a height of 105 feet from the ground, and from the top there is obtained a view which includes Dundee in the west, Arbroath in the east, and, across the Firth of Tay, St. Andrews. The Monikie Water Works, belonging to the town of Dundee, are in the immediate neighbourhood of the Panmure Monument.

We conclude these Notes by introducing our last picture, that of the Camuston Cross (124)—a monument of whose date, designer, and purpose nothing whatever is known. This only we know certainly that the monument is Christian, alike in form and in its elaborate decoration. Mr. Adam, the artist, has by a happy thought introduced a couple of ravens into his picture, thereby identifying the Cross with the Danish General whose name it bears, and in whose memory a constant tradition, extending over between two and three centuries at least, asserts it to have been erected. The Camuston Cross may confidently be regarded as a burial monument. Mr. Commissary Maule, who in 1611 wrote Memorials of the Panmure Family, mentions that in the year 1598 a grave was opened on the spot where the Camuston Cross stands, and that it was found to contain the bones of a man of gigantic size. Mr. Maule, in reporting this, states that in his time the Cross was believed to commemorate a defeat of the Danes. But it is of the same type as that of many other sculptured monuments of the Celtic period of our history, which are

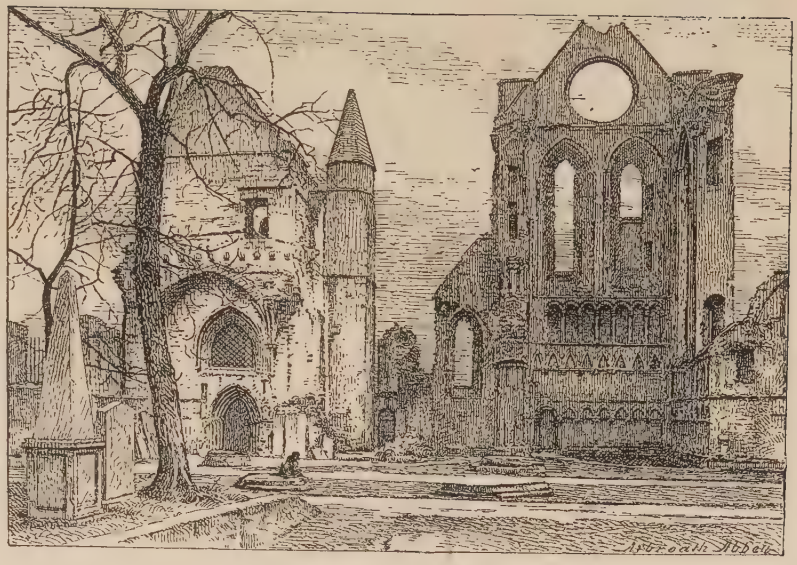
to be found in Angus and in other parts of the eastern district of Scotland north of the Forth. The Camuston Cross is about six feet in height from the ground, and is sculptured on both sides. On the obverse there is a representation of the Crucifixion, and below it the figure of a centaur-like creature. The figure of a Christ is on the reverse, with an angel on either side; and below this group are figures of the four Evangelists, each bearing the book emblematical of his Gospel. Whoever it was intended to commemorate, whether warrior or ecclesiastic, the monument is an interesting memorial of the ancient Christian art of our country. It belongs to a primitive period of Christian civilisation in Scotland—a period anterior to that in which the genius of architects and sculptors, the wealth of kings and nobles, together with the piety of devout men and women of the various ranks of the people, all contributed to the raising of a house of God and centre of Christian civilisation so impressive, even in its ruins, as the Abbey of Aberbrothock.

Erratum.—P. 49 l. 14. It is not known that there has been any loss of life on the Bell Rock since the lighthouse was erected, but on 28th May 1876 the schooner Ruby, of Dundee, was wrecked on the rock—crew saved. On 12th September 1885 (since the foregoing sheets were printed) the barque Ferdinand Brumm, of Stettin, timber laden, went ashore on the Bell Rock. The crew were rescued. The vessel was towed off on the 14th, in a damaged condition, and beached in West Ferry Bay.

THE ETCHINGS

1. ARBROATH ABBEY: THE HIGH ALTAR. 1860.

2. THE ABBEY GATE, ARBROATH. 1882.

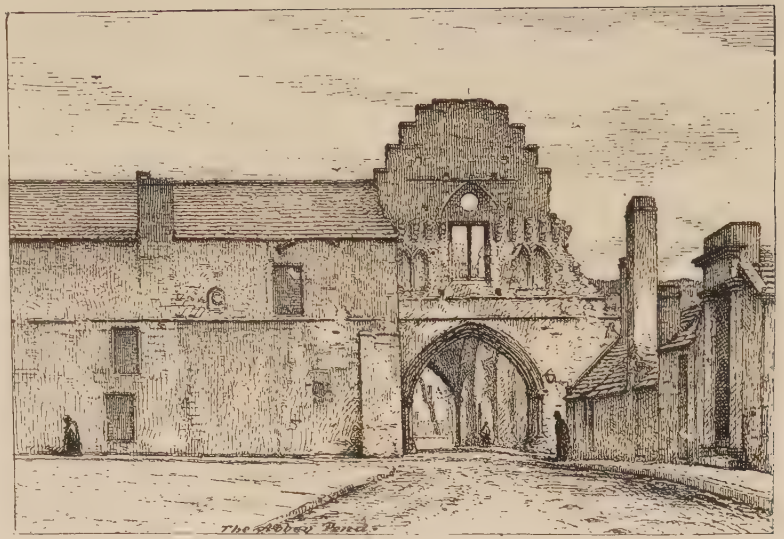


3. ARBROATH ABBEY: THE "ROUND O." 1880.

4. ARBROATH ABBEY: LOOKING WEST. 1880.

5. THE ABBOT'S HOUSE, ARBROATH. 1880.

6. ARBROATH ABBEY, FROM THE ABBEY GREEN. 1880.



7. THE ABBEY PEND, ARBROATH. 1880.

8. THE TOWER NOOK, ARBROATH. 1880.

9. TOP OF HIGH STREET, ARBROATH: APPLEGATE TO WARDMILL. 1880.

10. THE OLD CHURCH, ARBROATH. 1880.

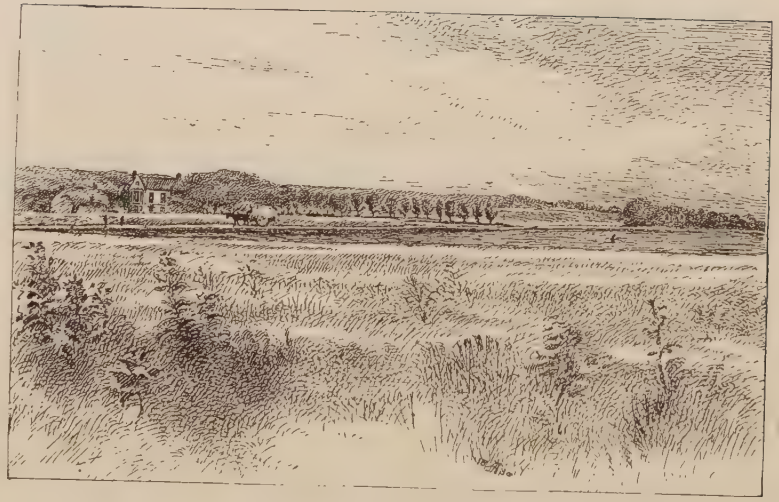
11. ARBROATH HIGH SCHOOL. 1880.

12. HILL TERRACE, ARBROATH. 1880.

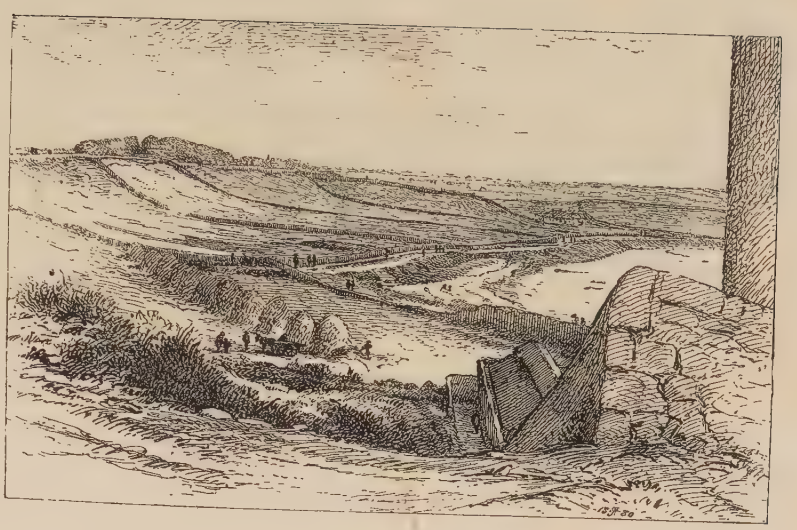
13. THE WESLEYAN CHAPEL, ARBROATH. 1880.

14. THE HAYS WELL, ARBROATH. 1880.

15. ARBROATH, FROM HAYS WELL. 1880.



16. BY MAYFIELD AND CLIFFBURN, ARBROATH. 1880.



17. THE BRAEHEADS, ARBROATH. 1880.

18. AT THE CODHEAD ROCK, ARBROATH. 1880.

19. ARBROATH PIER, FROM OLD SALT PAN. 1880.

20. BOULZIE HILL PUBLIC SCHOOL, ARBROATH. 1880.

21. NEWGATE HOUSE, ARBROATH. 1880.

22. OLD S. MARY'S (HIGH STREET FREE CHURCH), ARBROATH. 1880.

23. AT FOOT OF HIGH STREET, ARBROATH. 1881.

24. ON THE BEACH, AT SEAGATE, ARBROATH. 1880.

25. AT THE MOUTH OF THE BROTHOCK. 1880.

26. ON ARBROATH PIER. 1880.

27. AT ARBROATH HARBOUR. 1880.

28. ARBROATH, FROM NEAR LADYLOAN ROPEWORK. 1880.

29. AT THE SHORE, ARBROATH. 1880.

30. AT TUTTIE'S NOOK, ARBROATH. 1880.

31. AT THE COMMON, ARBROATH. 1880.

32. ON THE DUNDEE ROAD: ARBROATH INFIRMARY. 1880.

33. AT HOSPITALFIELD, ARBROATH. 1875.

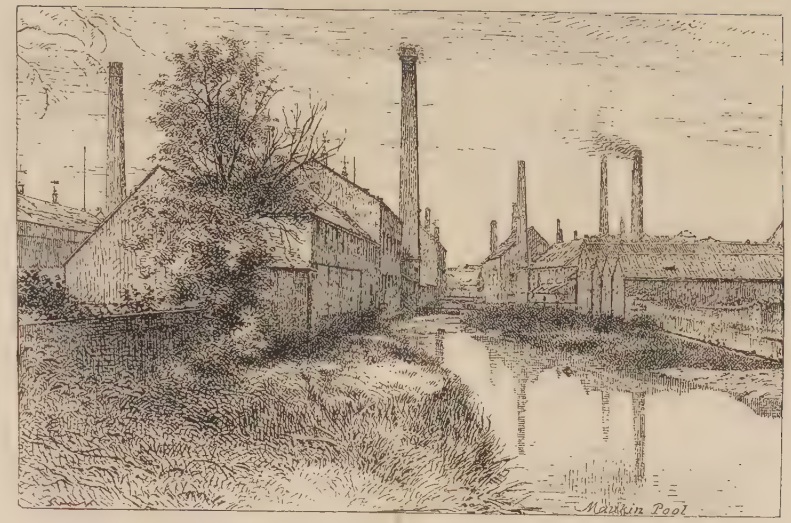
34. ON THE DUNDEE ROAD: ELLIOT BRIDGE. 1880.

35. ON THE DUNDEE ROAD: TO WORMYHILLS. 1880.

36. ON THE HIGH STREET: ARBROATH TOWN HALL. 1880.

37. AT BROTHOCK BRIDGE: THE POETS' CORNER. 1880.

38. AT BROTHOCK BANK. 1880.



39. THE MAUKIN POOL, FROM PANMURE STREET BRIDGE. 1880.

40. ON STOBCROSS BRIDGE, LOOKING TO GUTHRIE PORT. 1880.

41. THE GATEWAY OF ARBROATH CEMETERY. 1880.

42. DOOR OF MORTUARY CHAPEL, ARBROATH. 1882.

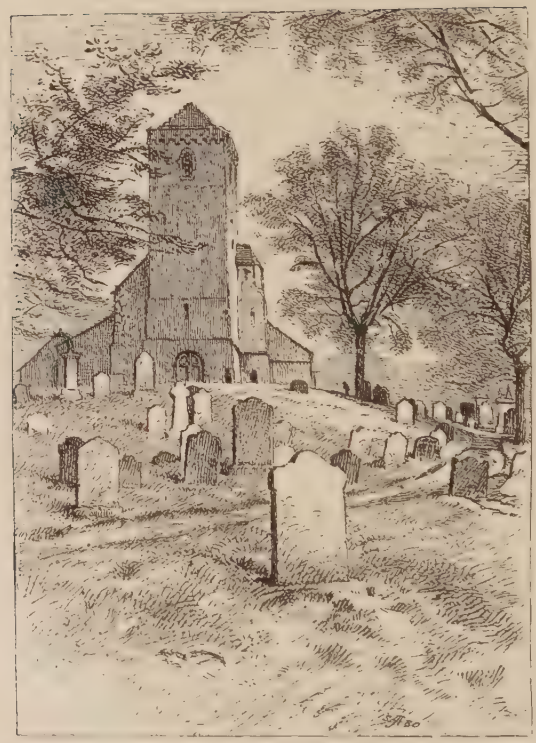
43. AT HILL END: THE NOLT LOAN WATER WORKS. 1880.

44. FROM KEPTIE TO CAIRNIEHILL, ARBROATH. 1880.

45. ARBROATH, FROM CAIRNIE. 1880.

46. CAIRNIE FARM HOUSE. 1880.

47. THE LOVERS' LOAN: CAIRNIE TO ST. VIGEANS. 1880.



48. ST. VIGEANS CHURCH, FROM THE WEST. 1880.

49. TO ST. VIGEANS: THE BURNSIDE PATH. 1880.

50. OLD LETHAM HOUSE, ST. VIGEANS. 1880.

51. OLD LETHAM MILL, ST. VIGEANS. 1880.

52. TARRY MILL, ST. VIGEANS. 1880.

53. NORTH TARRY, ST. VIGEANS. 1880.

54. ST. VIGEANS, FROM WARDDYKES. 1880.

55. DEMMONDALE: INVERBROTHOCK FREE CHURCH MANSE. 1880.

56. ON THE AUCHMITHIE ROAD: HOROLOGE HILL. 1880.

57. ON THE AUCHMITHIE ROAD: THE LADLE WELL. 1880.

58. ON THE AUCHMITHIE ROAD: THE CARTWRIGHT'S. 1880.

59. ON THE AUCHMITHIE ROAD: THE SMITHY. 1880.

60. SEATON HOUSE, FROM BEHIND THE SMITHY. 1880.

61. THE GATEWAY OF SEATON HOUSE. 1880.

62. IN AUCHMITHIE. 1880.

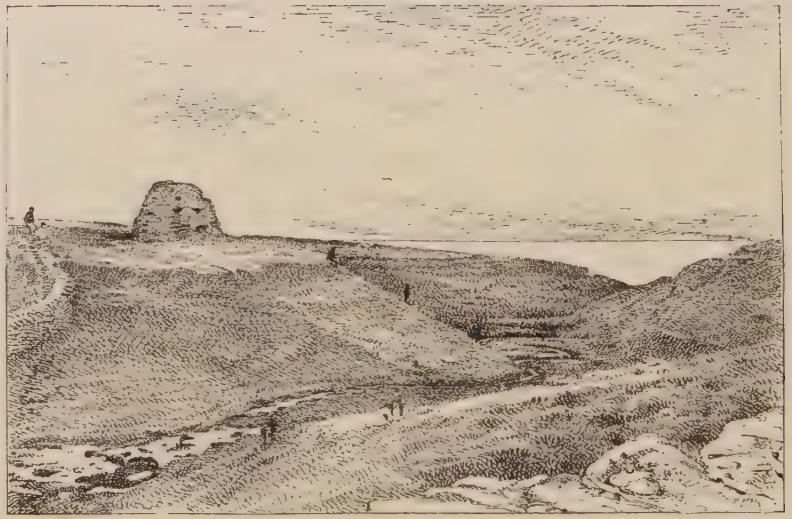
63. AUCHMITHIE HARBOUR, 1880.

64. AUCHMITHIE, LOOKING SEAWARDS. 1880.

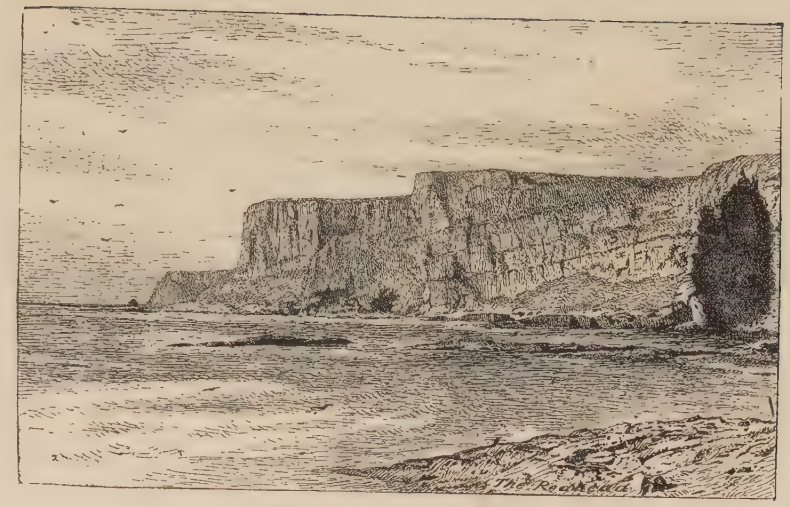
65. AT LUNAN BAY: REDCASTLE. 1880.

66. LUNAN BAY, FROM ETHIE HAVEN. 1880.

67. AT THE CLIFFS: ETHIE HAVEN. 1880.



68. AT THE CLIFFS: ST. MURDOCH'S CHAPEL. 1880.



69. AT THE CLIFFS: THE REDHEAD. 1880.

70. ETHIE HOUSE. 1880.

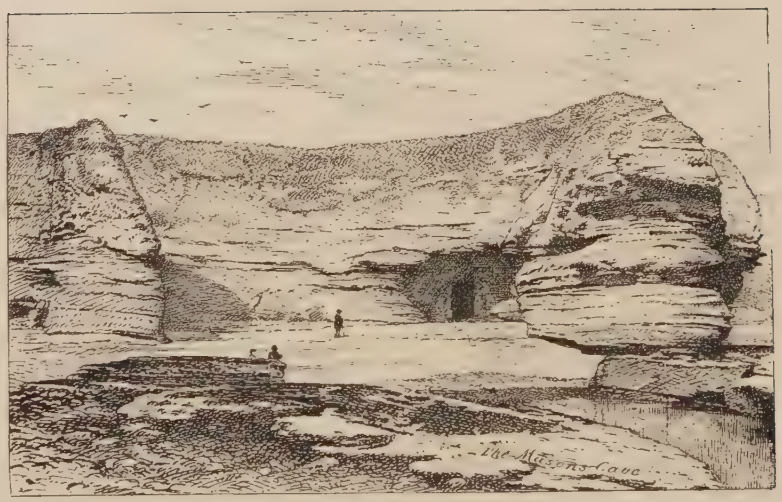
71. AT ETHIE: THE STRICKEN TREE. 1880.

72. AT THE CLIFFS: THE GAYLET POT. 1880.

73. IN SEATON DEN. 1880.

74. IN SEATON DEN: ARBROATHWARDS. 1880.

78. AT THE CLIFFS: "THE FLOORS." 1880.



78. AT THE CLIFFS: THE MASONS' CAVE. 1880.

77. AT THE CLIFFS: THE PINT STOUP; OR, DEIL'S HEID. 1880.

78. AT THE CLIFFS: DICKMAN'S DEN. 1880.

79. AT THE CLIFFS: NEAR THE MARINERS' GRAVE. 1880.

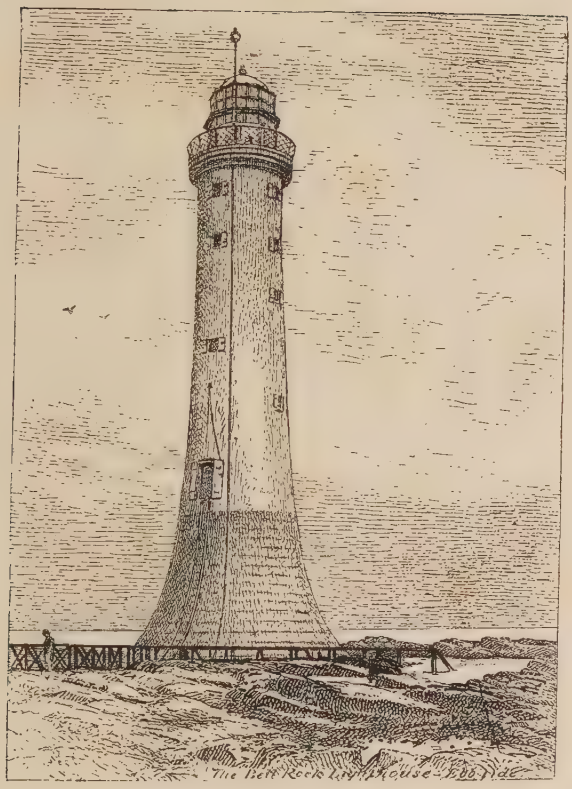
80. AT THE CLIFFS: THE NEEDLE EYE. 1880.

81. AT THE CLIFFS: THE PEBBLY DEN; OR, THE MERMAID'S KIRK. 1880.

82. AT THE CLIFFS: IN THE STALACTITE CAVE. 1842.

83. AT THE CLIFFS: ST. RINGAN'S (ST. NINIAN'S) WELL. 1880.

84. CLIFFWARDS: THE NESS AND THE STEEPLE ROCK. 1880.



85. AT THE BELL ROCK: EBB TIDE. 1880.

86. ON THE MONTROSE ROAD: DICKMONTLAW. 1880.

87. ON THE MONTROSE ROAD: MARYWELL. 1880.

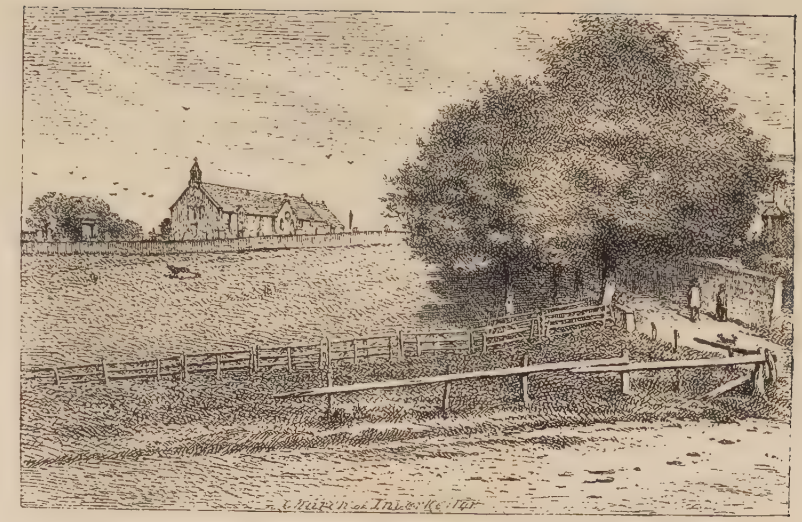
88. ON THE MONTROSE ROAD: TARRY BANK. 1880.

89. OFF THE MONTROSE ROAD: DRUNKENDUB. 1880.

90. THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE LINDSAY-CARNEGIE FAMILY. 1880.

91. ON THE LUNAN: BOYSACK MILL. 1880.

92. BRAIKIE CASTLE. 1880.



93. INVERKEILOR PARISH CHURCH. 1881.

94. AT OLD CHANCE INN. 1880.

95. THE CHURCH OF LUNAN. 1880.

96. THE SITE OF ST. VIGIAN'S CHAPEL: GRANGE OF CONAN. 1880.

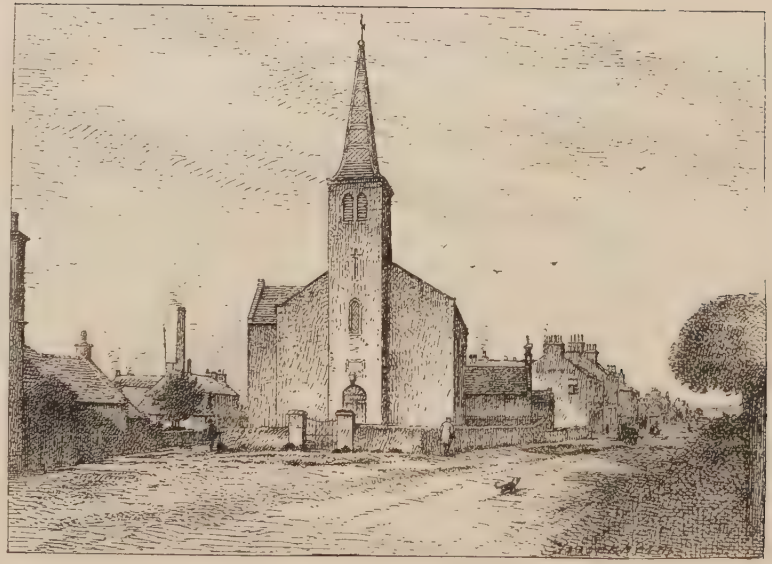
97. THE BIRTH-PLACE OF ALEXANDER BROWN, LL.D., GRANGE OF CONAN. 1814.

98. AT COLLISTON HOUSE. 1880.

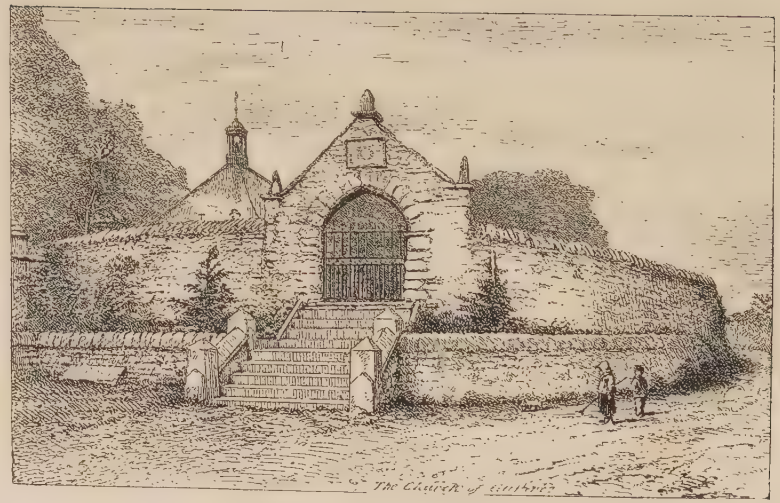
99. COLLISTON VILLAGE. 1880.

100. KINNELL CHURCH. 1880.

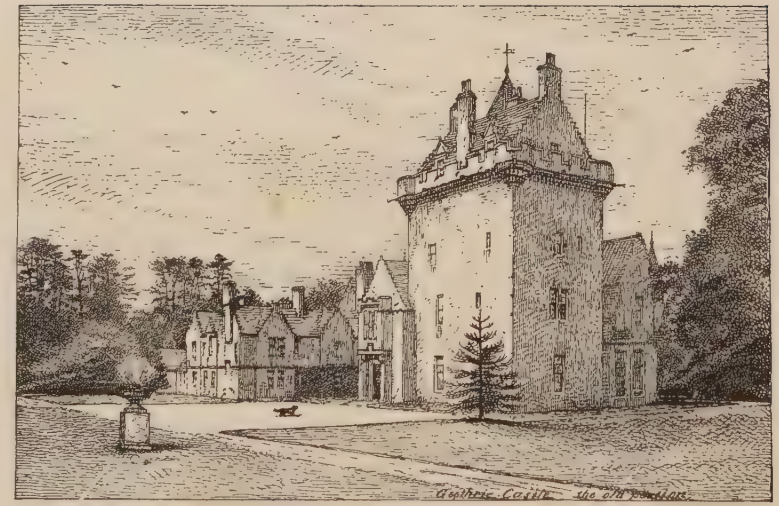
101. LEYSMILL, FROM THE RAILWAY STATION. 1880.



102. AT FRIOCKHEIM: THE PARISH CHURCH. 1880.

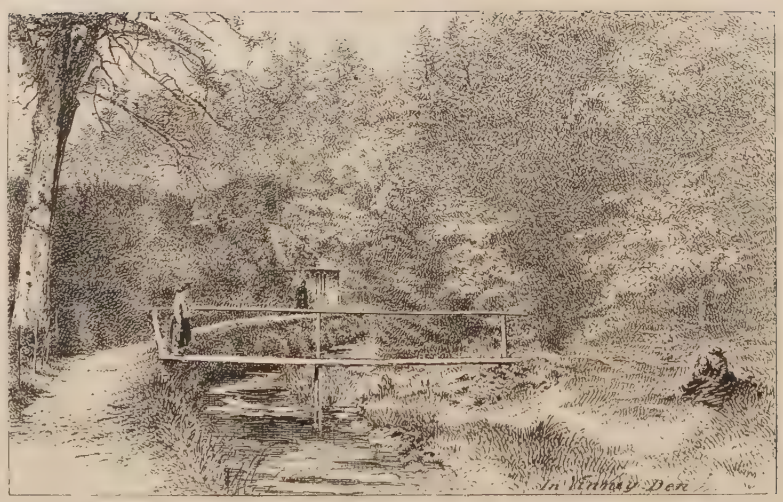


103. THE CHURCH OF GUTHRIE. 1880.



104. GUTHRIE CASTLE: THE OLDER PORTION. 1860.

105. GARDYNE CASTLE. 1880.



108. IN VINNEY DEN. 1880.

107. AT KIRKDEN: THE PARISH CHURCH. 1880.

108. TO ARBIRLOT: AT THE CARTWRIGHT'S. 1880.

109. ARBIRLOT PARISH CHURCH. 1880.

110. ON THE ELLIOT: ARBIRLOT BRIDGE. 1880.

111. ON THE ELLIOT: IN KELLY DEN. 1880.

112. ON THE ELLIOT: KELLY CASTLE. 1880.

113. ON THE DUNDEE ROAD: THE CARTWRIGHT'S, AT MUIRDRUM. 1880.

114. THE LAKE AT THE GUYND, CARTMYLIE. 1880.

115. CARMYLIE PARISH CHURCH. 1880.

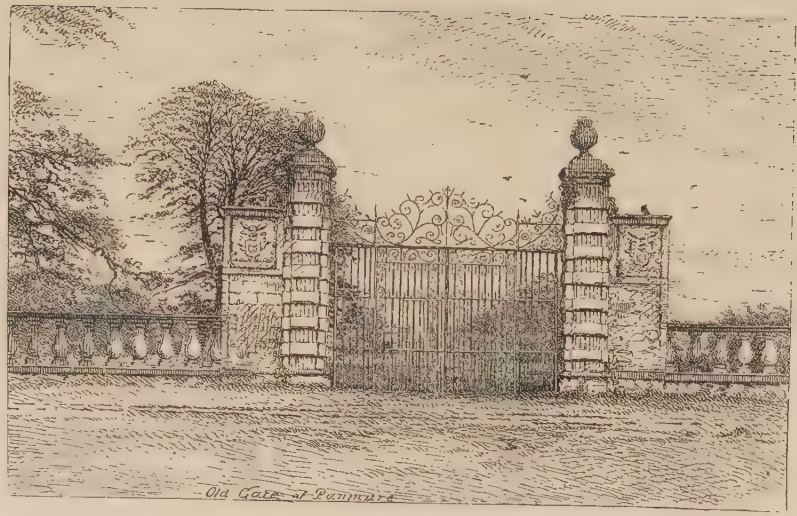
116. TO CARMYLIE QUARRIES. 1880.

717. AT WEST HAVEN. 1880.

118. BARRY PARISH CHURCH. 1880.

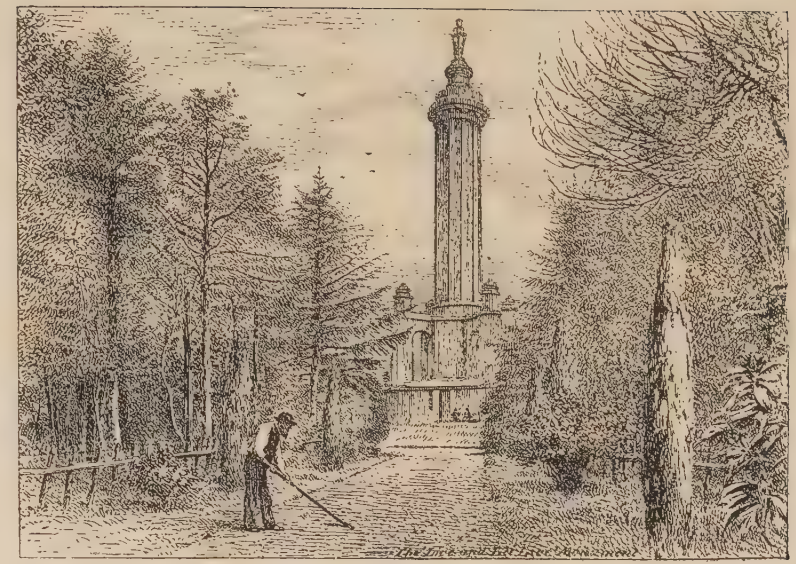
119. AT CARNOUSTIE: THE PARISH CHURCH. 1880.

120. PANBRIDE PARISH CHURCH. 1880.



121. THE OLD IRON GATE AT PANMURE. 1880.

122. PANMURE HOUSE. 1880.



123. THE 'LIVE AND LET LIVE' MONUMENT, AT PANMURE. 1880.

124. THE CAMUSTON CROSS, AT PANMURE. 1880.